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RENE LEVESQUE-
IN HIS
OWN WORDS



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Interview with René Lévesque: He ends the road for language legislation in Quebec. Trudeau's efforts to bring together English and French-speaking Canadians are a challenge to his vision of a united Canada.

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A nation most divided: What John Robarts, Jean Lesage, and their respective parties have to say about the future of Canada's culture and language.

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No news is bad news: With three good French language newspapers on strike and the English papers with their wagons to avenge the Quebecers, a national news-deprived of its right to know.

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The Men, Ours: If Canada's rightist opposition seems a little nervous these days, the culprit is the new external affairs minister, Don Johnston, who gives it more meaning to "irrepressible."

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Author: Author: It isn't enough that a writer lives in a city where he can't find a job; he has to live in a city where he can't find a job to do.

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Making glad the heart of childhood: The happiness that's gone a long time. So do parents. And in some cases, it's not in the children's hands, but in the hands of the parents.

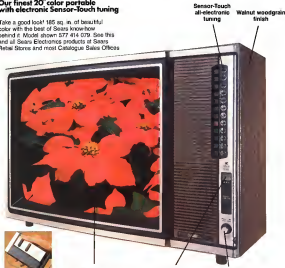
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Interview

With René Lévesque

This has been an extraordinary year for René Lévesque. From the shock he gave English-speaking Canadians as he quoted the Declaration of Independence to the Wall Street Journal in January to his recent attempts to get reciprocal agreements from fellow premiers on access to minority language schools, he has been at the focus of public attention across the country. Starting as a broadcaster with the American army during the war, Lévesque had an 18-year career in radio and TV before plunging into politics with the Liberals of Jean Lesage in 1960. He left the Liberals in 1967 to form the Mouvement Souverainiste Association which became the basis of the Parti Québécois founded in 1988. Lévesque lost his seat in the election of 1970 and was defeated again in the Liberal landslide of 1975 before the remarkable victory of November 15, 1976. Lévesque spoke with *Maclean's* Montreal bureau chief Graham Foster at ten on a late November morning in the Premier's sparsely-furnished office on the 17th floor of the Hydro Québec building in Montreal. Lévesque is not a morning person and the conversation began slowly. But as he drank his coffee and the talk progressed, his gestures became more animated and his expressions more vivid.

Maclean's: What was the first thing you did when you became premier?

Lévesque: Well, that night I was dead and because of the celebrations we had. The only thing that I remember was talking to a few of the guys I had been working with for eight or 10 years. We're all so close, it goes so much easier the talk was "So where do we go from here? What should we do in the next few days?" And so I finally talked everybody out and said "I know what I'm going to do in the next few hours." I just kind of dove and went and not to think about it, which I managed quickly enough because I had a couple of drinks and the lights went out. The next morning, I can't remember much. It was about nine or ten when I finally managed to get up.

Maclean's: Looking back on the first year, what has satisfied you the most of the accomplishments?

Lévesque: There are two things: one is that we managed to keep our basic commitments. The other one, which I'm particularly proud of, is the slowing up as much as possible. Socially, there was a consensus that opened our eyes to a lot of other things: a very simple consensus that



I remember when I first met Trudeau. He was as offensive then as he can be now

about drugs for elderly people. I've met too many people, couples especially, when they get old, Joan, what they get to the fourth week of the month there's no money left because they've got sentiments and they need drugs. They're on prescriptions all the time. But what it opened our eyes to was the absolute necessity of dealing continuously about a few years from now when the number of so-called "golden age" people is going to go up by leaps and bounds and we need whatever it is housing or whatever income you know a sort of guaranteed income which goes beyond just the bare necessities. In spite of what many people have said, I'm also very pleased with the first rounds of Bill 101 and the language settlement. But I think the ground impression that I feel in this old fold in the first year you learn the state of

possible as much as possible. You shake down a week including yourself and you try and work on things. I think on the first three days of building a state, finding out its weaknesses—there are quite a few including my own. I'm tired "If by the Government—also producing it's been generally a week, a satisfactory year, even economically. I know, everybody is or should be discontented with the state of the economy and it's not as good as it is. But I tend to remember that after all the provincial governments can solve all economic problems. It can't even solve a major part of them. But what I am damn proud of is that for the first time in years we've got a government that did try and do its homework job because generally we tried twice. But what I'm really proud of is that this economic team with (Rodriguez) Tremblay and (Bernard) Landry and a few others, plus some top talent in the rank forces like (Yves) Larabe, have come with the first ever pulp and paper industry because this is one of our most basic industrial sectors, and the first coherent opening up for a policy on asbestos. It ties in with the purchasing policy which we demand also during our first year. If we can stop doing about

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Entertaining ideas from Seagram's.

It's the festive taste of the year when family and friends get together. Good food and good drinks are a welcome part of these gatherings. Here are some recipe ideas to help make your entertaining very special.

WHISKY SOUR

In a shaker pour 1½ oz. of Scotch or Rye, add the

juice of ½ lemon, ½ tsp. sugar. Shake well. Strain into a cocktail glass. Garnish with a cherry and an orange slice.

OLD FASHIONED

A new twist on an Old Fashioned idea. Pour ½ oz. of Seagram's V.O. 2 dashes of Angostura Bitters, 1½ tsp. Lemon Triple Sec, ½ tsp. of lemon juice over ice into an Old Fashioned glass. Stir. Garnish with lemon, orange, a

peppermint stick and a green and red cherry.

MORGAN PUNCH

For those who prefer a punch individually prepared. Fill a 18 oz. glass with ice cubes. Pour in ½ oz. lemon, pineapple, orange, grapefruit juice and grenadine. Add ½ oz. of Captain Morgan Black Label Rum, ½ oz. of Morgan

White Rum, and New Orleans Cherry Brandy. Fill glass and pour each ingredient pretty close to the inside edge of the glass. Garnish with fruit. Serve with a straw.

FOR THE NON-DRINKER

We suggest Soda and Bitters. Pour soda over ice cubes in a tall glass. Stir in 2 dashes of Angostura Bitters. It's very refreshing.



More entertaining ideas.

When mixing drinks use plenty of ice. Drinks taste better and look better. Always measure the liquors, use good measures, and Seagram's quality spirits. Share your drinks for eye appeal. Provide a small napkin with each drink to serve as a handy lint cover.

SCOTCH DRIVER

Mixing in a cocktail shaker adds a festive sparkle to this

old favorite. In a shaker pour 1½ oz. Scotch Whisky, ½ oz. orange juice, 1 tsp. lemon juice (optional). Shake vigorously with ice. Strain into 12 oz. glass. Top with a cherry.

GIN FIZZ

Pour into a shaker ½ oz. London Gin, add 1 egg, sugar, the juice of one lemon and the white of one egg. Add cracked ice to shaker and shake. Add soda. Serve on ice in a 12 oz. glass. For a faster service fix add a top of Lemon Juice.

Catena de Menthe and top with flavored cherries on a stick.

A FESTIVE EGG NOG

Pour into a punch bowl 12 oz. Captain Morgan Rum, 1 oz. Scotch or Canadian Whisky, 25 oz. of Creamed Brandy, 2 quarts of prepared egg nog, ground nutmeg, and 2 cloves. Mix ingredients and chill overnight. Serves 12 to 15. To keep your egg nog looking fresh, stir it occasionally and sprinkle on a little more nutmeg.

BANANA DAIQUIRI

Into a blender mix 1½ oz. Morgan White Rum, 1½ oz. lemon juice, ½ fresh banana, and 1 tsp. sugar. Blend with hand or rock in a small container. Serve in a chilled champagne glass. In a chilled glass simply drop in an ice cube and you'll be around a moment or two longer in your festive.

Cheers!

and you act on it, it will be easier for me now on.

Maclean's: How often does any major development occur?

Maclean's: Well, the disappointment, I think, is pretty much part of the scene here though I had memories of what government is. I didn't know it had become that complex and how incredibly tough it is to be the prime minister. To get the decisions made or to make an act of legislation or administrative, and especially to get results, you know, it's a sort of combination of always being impatient—why isn't it done?—and yet knowing there isn't much you can do about it. The second disappointment is the incredible difficulty of making sure you have the right data and the right set of facts. Public administration seems to have one hell of a job of being clear about reality. And that's why decisions of some sort is so bloody essential. I'm working on that task force personally the first I can and in what time is available. And obviously we won't burgle into any kind of decentralization scenario overnight. I think that's clear and the most important thing for the future in any society is the same in Europe, it's the same in America. I think it's the state in every country. While things are becoming more and more technical, more complex, those that affect the day-to-day services and even the living of families and people in their communities—like schools, hospitals, road maintenance, like everything that is much better understood by people where they live than by technicians or bureaucrats—has to be seen as the best part included and decisions included.

Maclean's: In other words, you're looking for the day that you can reinvent within Quebec the kind of federalism that you're trying to get out of Canada?

Maclean's: Oh, you're being honest and I'm going to try and follow you, but I've always said that federalism per se is an unresolvable bad. In fact I've always said, and it ties in with what you've just said, is you have a realising part of it, it's the words a common identity, you know, cemented together by language or shared traditions is a sort of common outlook like the United States overall, or like West Germany. It can work, and there's no reason why it couldn't, because the decentralisation is a way. Where it runs into trouble is where you try to make different decisions work under the same political framework, especially if there are only two in a majority-minority relationship. It can be the English and the Flemish in Belgium or the Czechs and Slovaks when they get a chance to have their say in Czechoslovakia, or the Ukrainians in the USSR. Why the hell not, that's a real confident answer? Well, that's part of our opinion.

Maclean's: I'd like to come back to when a year in power has been like for you personally. You've always been a curious one. Do you still have the time to read?

Maclean's: Oh, yes. I just finished Golda

Mai's autobiography. It's a wonderful book. I didn't know much about her, except for her career from outside. You look at her and she looks like Ben-Gurion said, "the only man in my cabinet." In other words, a tough old bird. And you read the book and it's the wonder of a poet. It's incredibly beautiful. I keep on reading because I love to follow her as she's evolved. And you don't get any ideas or new perceptions of what's going on in the world. I've always been interested in everything.



I don't like legislating language, and I hope that the future provides another way

that has to do with history. I'm especially tied to biographies because they tell that if it's a good biography you get the history of that period. I've always liked novels, too. In a sense, a biography is a novel of history, sometimes more fascinating than any novel. But I keep on reading otherwise I'd go nuts. What time do I have? Well, sometimes during the weeknights. One of the best ways I've ever known to forget about problems is to sit out there to go to sleep, to read a few dozen pages or if it's something very interesting sometimes I read right through to three in the morning, which isn't recommended. But it really compensates me and I feel at least a while.

Maclean's: You mentioned the doctor's association?

Maclean's: Not so much a doctor's recommendations in friends and collaborators who say well, I'm not really living the kind of life you should. I suppose

Maclean's: Well, this is our book!

Maclean's: I always look at though I'm more or less doing off especially in the morning. But the way I feel is that I'm at

least maintaining, tooth wood, till further notice, something which I've always had which is a very good regenerative system. You know I caught a long with a minimum of five hours sleep as long as I can sleep around the clock over a week or three—about a completely relaxed one morning and night. In power, at least you get this feeling with all of the frustrations that, if you have some objectives and convictions that maybe some of it, like this reform of political finances, will leave permanent mark and a good mark on Quebec. Things like that make you feel that you're producing, or at least you're working like hell to produce, and it's good for your health.

Maclean's: During the period that you were building a party, you wanted to convey the impression that once the party was power, you'd get out. You would be the first ambassador in London or

Maclean's: Yes, well until we can name ambassadors.

Maclean's: How your schedule changed?

Maclean's: Oh, it's changed all along the way. I mean, I've been in it for 17 years now. In 1960, I remember telling friends that two mandates were enough and we used to talk about that after Roosevelt and the Americans began this in the summer, which I think makes sense that the President can only be elected twice. You know as the years in a lot of years and then you get out, you should be kicked out. Well, it happened with the League governments and then I was part of the opposition. The Liberal Party, which I don't want for long, had money to hear about our ideas. It even refused to discuss them. We lost an election in '70 and I was ready to get out. In fact, I felt good about being a columnist at a popular paper. But then came the Quebec Crisis and I felt that if I would have found out everything about what went on, but one obvious thing, which is absolutely certain, is that it was a political movement in answer to a real common operation of terrorism. It became a somewhat political operation, outgrowing by (Prime Minister) Trudeau and others. And I got mad like hell because they were obviously trying not only to dissuade Quebec psychologically it was a, but also by irritating people to doubt the kind of perspective that we represented. In other words, unconsciously politically aimed at making Quebecers more frightened, more violent in their eyes, which I don't know is kind of expected as of new life in us because I felt that if it can do anything against that to keep the balance I'm going to do it. And in '73, for six months I wondered. I felt the party was in a sense because we had left wing—more or less radical wing—expected as of new life in us we should change leadership. And I felt the same way they did. That was the time I came on close as I ever did to just giving back to the state. I finally persuaded myself because others were pointing also that I

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make another effort, so we went on to '76. I've never been a planner of my career in a sense of knowing exactly what goes. I was reading *Golda Meir* as I told you, and I was fascinated by memories she had of being prodded into the job then trying to get out of it finally. I can't top her when it comes to the way. I don't know if I'll see that thing. I don't know myself going that far.

Maclean: *Are you close to your family?*
Levesque: Well, as you know, in that field I've had my problems and I don't live with my family. But I like to see them as often as I can. I was very, very close to the kids when they were growing up in spite of the political involvement, because they grew up mostly during the years of Levesque, and as much as I could, all the time during weekends and sometimes during the weeks and at least a few weeks during holidays at Christmas and summer. I always managed to keep close. I think it's necessary for them and to use as a belief helpful for you. Children are a stimulus on like nothing else. So, I think we were very close. We're still close, but they're adults now.

Maclean: *What are they doing?*
Levesque: Well, there are two boys—two men and one young woman. The eldest boys close to 30 and he's a general lawyer in Montreal. He's shaping up as a very good lawyer. In fact, he was a lecturer before the end of his studies in a normal law firm went into practice. The second one—he's been a newsmen, he has his 34 on economics. I think he's a natural born writer and he's now at *Le Jour* for a while any way. And the girl, she's also a manager and assistant director of St. Lawrence. And all of that happened before power. That's a promising lot.

Maclean: *Is your mother still alive?*
Levesque: Oh, yes, she's still alive, and much would with her. She's had practically all the ailments except one and she was blind last year with two cataracts, got her cataracts up at 80 and had two operations in a row and now she sees again clearly again. It's like discovering the world all over again.

Maclean: *A kind of aphrodisiac has grown up on English Canada that is the kind of freedom you had with Prime Minister Trudeau. Do you ever look in politics?*

Levesque: I've never returned or that close.

Maclean: *When did you first meet him?*

Levesque: I remember, and I checked with (Ambassador) General Pelletier during the short meeting we had in Paris (in November before I came). The General came over for breakfast and, as he told me, asked more or less about the price of eggs but also about a few things that didn't have to do with the business he was involved in on account of my trip. But he told me that he was writing things you know. That was one of the things that motivated I dream about being an ambassador, that's kind of leisure. He told me he was writing about things that had to do with the Pflizes and the way things started for quite a few guys

including myself. And we simulated each other at that first time. I met Trudeau or Trudeau met me or whatever. That was in the cafeteria at the time, when the car was still on Dorchester street, the old Old Hotel. I knew Pelletier, and he came in with Trudeau and the left was about finishing this thing called *Care Labels*. You know, who would write for a and who would agree with the business perspectives. I remember Trudeau was an offensive then as he can be now. Hearing Pelletier's claim this



When you're in power you at least have the feeling you can leave a good permanent mark

maybe they're going to launch this thing. I said, "Yes, I'm interested and maybe I could be sort of trigger for a few things." And then he looks at you down his nose and says, "Yes, but can you write?" Jean Chrétien? That was some way of reverting collaborator. He could have at least warned me he found out, but anyway he's that way. He's a very interesting guy, very cultivated and you know, open to a lot of ideas since he traveled a lot. But there was always a basic disagreement between us, particularly from the word go, and it had to do with this—what kind of nationalism to use a general word, we need for. There was much more nature in (Gilles) Blais and me, Pelletier who were also part of a group that got together often enough and they were more or less Quebec based. You know, more just nationalism than Trudeau ever had. The result a few of his things, have you back, not very recently but recently enough when there was talk about a possible federal election this fall. You feel that there is always something a bit controversial, a bit artificial when he speaks or writes about Canada and his federalism. I think, deep down, he feels sort of a world

caution in a sense. Maybe that explains why he has a sort of semi-presidential attitude about government. But as far as the management is concerned, the House, well, let's say at least his government hasn't been anything to write home about. You look at the so-called prescription that he used to have in a signature, and you look at the results now and wonder where the hell they went out the window.

Maclean: *I think English Canadian sometimes feel a bit excluded from the picture over Canada's future. You mentioned your breakfast with General Pelletier, you played poker with Jean Marchand at Laval, you drove up a smokers bag with General Pelletier, you met Trudeau in the Pflizes. Isn't there a danger of greater senior simply because they won a small group then and it split one?*

Levesque: There is a danger because Quebec is in a sense a very compact society. It is in part of a normal development of the late Forties. Pflizes and I let's say the beginning of the so-called Quiet Revolution in '60. Quebec was a society where you had what, two (French-language) universities in Montreal and Quebec. The general trend was still either priest, doctor, lawyer, attorney or the small beginning in the social sciences. So generally everybody that went up to some kind of higher education had to get to know each other, one way or another. This traditional narrowness of the formation, thank God has broken up. **Maclean:** *How can you persuade the West that they have something to gain in an association?*

Levesque: I was asked that in Calgary recently and I haven't found the answer yet. Look, the basic thing is in fact that we propose association for an energy political reason to continue the much political reasoning, we don't find there is any kind of percentage for anyone in having a sort of isolation which would also isolate the East from Ontario and the rest. Any kind of unity will there, politically, would be more or less like the opening of Canada and more or less on a scale, and it doesn't make much sense because I believe Canada may have staying power. But if Quebec should be very negative about it, he may make a demand about self-government in that case. Canada has had it, or else it is a great danger of fracturing. As far as the West is concerned, the way here is, we have to go back to the basic political argument which is, do they want a country to go on, or not? And now it's their problem. I think it was (C. Gordon) Ryan during the Liberal convention that they just had in Quebec who brought up the idea that I've brought up quite a few times about a revamped federalism. I think it's Ryan, when he was talking about his first option, saying that if it ended up with four or five entities, better to have four than the obviously artificial 10 provinces, there is no reason why a seven-state Quebec in a great venture of association markets and things like that, wouldn't it — you know, its being right smack there in



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between two of them. If we end up with four or five entities that are solidly bicultural and bilingual, there is no reason why a unit will work.

Maclean: Is that then a danger that emotional there are going to hinder one of the all will that develops?

Levesque: Look you know you find any kind of option for the future that doesn't present some risk, you're on a 50/50 bet. But one thing I do know, and I have been concerned that since the middle of the Sixties, and that's why I became what you call a separatist, is that if we give in the issue structure we've seen now, we're raising the bar and for deeper trouble and more people than fleeing here. We should just face the fact that there are two entities here, both in a very deep rooted, in our constitution, in our history, in our identity, language, culture, tradition, the land, everything. And there is that national feeling in Quebec. If people don't see it, it's because they're oblivious and they don't want to see it, including Mr. Trudeau.

Maclean: Is it a matter of opinion that the separatist, you have been trying to lower expectations. I am wondering if you can be sufficiently conservative in an economic front to please the business community.

Levesque: Well, you know, the business community is made up of people who in a sense are just as much politicians as their own way as the most devious of politicians. Their official attitude, through spokesmen who are in the service of the Pope, you know, a virtuous mind that they don't produce like this. And we see a government looking toward change. Business circles, I think, have a lot of gut turned of change. If they're reasonably successful or highly successful, they become happy with things as they are. It's a healthy instinct we have against any kind of change. Well, what is actually happening is that in overall investment Quebec is ahead of the Canadian average. Quebec has been doing as well as, or let's say no worse than, the rest of the country, in the investment. Consider this economy. We share with the Maritimes a lot of results of the federal system, which has always been Ottawa oriented, and now also West oriented, with the Maritimes and Quebec more or less being treated as dependent who should be at least subsidised or protected—less words and social insurance and things like that.

Maclean: Throughout the years, you have been following the price almost to the point of obsession.

Levesque: Well, it's probably a pathological deformation. I don't know. Well, frankly, you get mad and then sometimes you find life laughing. I met a girl the other day, a young lady about 30. She would interview, but just for background, she's working in a clinic. Maritimes or something, where information is Canada over the last year. And she said, "I'm finding out the most incredible parallels and contrasts in approaches and emphases and everything else between the English and the French

especially when it has to do with the problem of Quebec and where it goes." It's a glaring fact. You look at *Le Monde*, *Le Soir*, you look at *Le Soleil* or *Le Presse* when they're published; you look at *Le Devoir* in spite of its orientation and you look at *Le Star*, and it's incredible. In approach, in emphasis, there's always a choice in information. It's like people's attitudes again. It's a fact. It is not changed, I'm convinced.

Maclean: The English community is not



Business people are, in a sense, as much politicians as the most devious of politicians

and underrepresented in the press and in the government but also in the public service. There is some thing like, out of 30,000 in the service, only 350 are English.

Levesque: And I read the same paper you did. When I read during the year would was that 300 of those 318 were in the provincial police. But that's been going on for years. There's one thing that I wouldn't support and that's any kind of money percentage. But the problem is that a lot of young English-speaking Quebecers look toward business. Well, let's face it, there is a very solid control of business establishments on the English side in Quebec. So, they've always had much more opening there and career protection. They also have the opening toward the federal government, which after all in many ways is more of a paying proposition. It opens up a better perspective of international affairs and things like that. But if there is anything in Quebec that sort of blocks of repression because they're not French, that I'd like to know. What more can you do?

Maclean: At the wedding you're talking to Mr. Hubert, a number of people were talking to how apparently benefited you were. I'm thinking specifically of how you were car-

ried that high school compiles were being run out in French only. That's been going on since 1970.

Levesque: I don't know that. Look, I instinctively don't like the idea of having to legislate about language. I know it's inevitable until further notice which means until Quebec is a normal self-governing society. There, I don't know. I hope the fact is going to take care of itself in another way because once you're a normal society I don't think you require that kind of legislation. But in the meantime what can we do? We were backed into in the third government is now. Did we do a good job or not? We're going to find out in the week.

Maclean: In the course of our conversation the only non-federal opponent whose name has cropped has been Claude Ryan. Is he now the real leader of the opposition?

Levesque: Well, I think I don't mention Levesque who has also emerged over the last few days. But I don't know. I honestly thought that Ryan would make up his mind positively trying for the leadership. You know, if you hesitate for five or six weeks, it means the ball is down and you're so close to swallowing it that you're passing yourself as a party man. Every time I read a Ryan editorial now, I take it with temper in check because it's still the Liberal editorial for the morning. How can you help? And most people feel that way that I've talked to, including people who are not friends of ours.

Maclean: I read the book you wrote in your life *Liberal Party* in 1967, *An Option for Quebec*. In the appendix, there was an article by Jean Marc Lévesque in which he said that "only when we have sovereignty will we be able to legislate, make French the official language, etc. and language."

Levesque: He's right. The only solution to the language problem will have to wait until we get self-government. In the meantime we approximate temporary solutions by legislating.

Maclean: Am I there a danger that if, given your average point, Bill 100 surrenders to its objectives that will be an impediment to your long term objectives of independence?

Levesque: If one succeeds in something that has to do with identity of a community, with its preservation, well we have a growth in French. English more an immigrant—the more you cut the more appetite you have. I think that anything that is identity building and is in the process of maintaining a community is inevitably just a step along the way. And that's the way people will cut it if it doesn't. Unfortunately there are a lot of unhealthy things that compromise it a change like that. Within a perspective of a few years I think we are going to succeed and it's going to help us build the identity feeling, the national feeling that Quebec has not had because we've been colonial forever. Maybe everybody's going to be against us, nobody's going to talk to us any more. If you're a part of it, it's part of the general case of being colonial for too long.

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The after-nooning principle

Morna Shumacher's contribution to *The Reformed Debate* (October 17) was well considered and, I am sure, reflected the thoughts of many Canadians. The statistics of empty barrooms and liquor are indeed controversial but they must be faced. It is not a one-way street and no matter what the cost of Canada does, Quebec will not be happy—short of all of Canada becoming francophone.

A C RADFORD, WINNIPEG

Thank you Morna Shumacher for a very nicely written article on Quebec—it certainly reflects my opinion. I am one who belongs to multi-cultural Canada.

P V SUDARSI, TORONTO

The eye is quicker than the hand

For some time I wondered whether Maclean's was limited generally by the federal Liberal Party. After reading Will Ruddy's *All Is Not Lost!* There's No! There's No! I began to doubt my earlier supposition. Suggesting that security and peace rather than sound judgment and honest leadership are what Canadians must depend on, it truly has a future. Tendency to Prime Minister is not purely likely to encourage confidence in the present leadership of the country.

NORTH LAUDER, CHARLOTTETOWN

The Prime Minister may be the Martin of Will Ruddy's new *Canada* (*The Reformed Debate*, November 14) and I can visualize it already. It may not run between science and reason but you couldn't be happy about that as you have neither a job nor the money to enjoy it. However, to take care made of our troubles, we will be concerned in the "Confession" by the Knights of the Round Table playing their magnificent opera—*Operation 300*. Further activities of enlightenment and education will be provided by the new Author and his witty and makes "Confession" is better in Canada," since 1978) and by the efforts of various federal departments, including each other at Skopje, Harrogate and Bournemouth. Author and Canada were discussed in Ruddy will have it. I quote you mention he has done a study of J. R. K. Tolkien—meritless that someone has cast a spell on him and that he has acquired his "holiness".

MATTHEW DUNE, FINCHER, CREST, ALTA

All in the name (singing) book

The Dependable Canadians (November 14) about Solberg and the Inco lobby, brings to light some understanding that perhaps may have gone unmentioned. All we're bound to the past year or so is how Canadians don't understand each other's problems, now they do. Here in the Maritimes we understand perfectly the feeling floating around Solberg. We hope the rest-pointers will make some people up there.

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know the very desirable feelings we get when there are more layoffs here.

C. E. FRASER, WATERVILLE, NS

The joker is wild

I did not, as you suggested in *Laugh and The World Laugh With You* (October 17), say that Canadians should be grateful for the fact that we have no stand-up comedians in this country. What I said in my *Saturday Night* TV column is that, unlike American "talk" shows, what we're getting on the *Groovies* show would be stand-up comedians, not just funny people, like W. O. Mitchell. Mark Bretnor of the York-Yuk Kennedy Kabaret then wrote a letter to *Saturday Night* stating that not only are there stand-up comics in Canada but that if I dared "to see that the ability to weave a long series of related and unrelated jokes and stories into a coherent, pointed monologue is indeed an art of the highest order, (I) should be practiced to the hilt." I found Bretnor's comments useful (except for the punch line) and I plan to visit the York-Yuk Kennedy Kabaret soon—in disguise.

HENRIK WOLFE, TELEVISION COLUMNIST
SATURDAY NIGHT TORONTO

Swearing from the Home

Somebody passed on the nose to me with Sandra Martin's *How Best Can a Woman Get It?* (October 3). I was howled over. To finally see as plain the newswoman of the dastardly ghoscomer of Norman Lear makes me want to shout with joy. Thousands of us had about given up television but it's possible with Martin writing as she does that we could be at the beginning of the end of a down spiral.

NANCY POLLOCK, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Something for everybody

In *An Art Of Temptation* (October 3) Barbara Amiel states, "But religion is generally the province of the laity, advised or not as primarily amate. It's the believers who end up in droves." I wonder the extremely arrogant or completely misinformed who make statements of this kind if Amiel has a thesis, she ought not to feed the facts to make them fit. The majority of churchgoers in churches I have served are the "no-believers."

KEV. AMBROSE WINTER
HIGHLANDS UNITED
CHURCH, EDMONTON

It seems that upon reading *An Art Of Temptation* that the cry of "art proper" is being heaped on the heads of any person, columnist or dissenter in general, who dares to comment either the enigmatic evangelist Charles Templeton or his book *An Art Of God*. Actually the article makes Templeton himself sound like God. In a quite obvious way Barbara Amiel is so prejudiced in his favor that her objectivity as a writer is clouded by her snide little words.

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As a German citizen who witnessed the terror this country has experienced in the past months and finally the signing of a Laotian peace with innocent people aboard 1000s of airplanes after the successful rescue operation at Mogadishu. While fully aware with the outcome of *Scream* this was the shock The World (October 31), please let me state one thing very clearly: you are 8 in by no means "death squad" as you called it. It is a highly skilled special unit of our federal frontier guard, especially trained in anti-terror struggle. This unit was formed after the Munich Olympic massacre in 1972 when it became painfully obvious that conventional police actions could not cope with this new kind of international crime.

KAREN FISCHER (HANN) WEST GERMANY

All according to the plan

When Paul LeBlanc states in *Did Somebody Shrink Into The Wrong Church* (October 30) that "the Church has always been for family planning," I have to point out that it was always for the most populous planning. I can still remember the beginning of this century in Quebec when, under threat of a burning hell prison were commanding women to breed. This was regardless of the women's health. Many families did number well over 10 children and some of them went as far as



An Italian policeman, shot down in the street, surrounded, Rome

having 18 and 19 children. At the same time the Church was still collecting "tithes," the one tenth of each and every farmer's grain crops. So the more children in the family

the larger the crop. I remember a case where two young priests nearly got into a fistfight over who was to get the most popular of two parishes.

ROBERT HUGHES VAL D'OR, QUE.

The truth may make you free. But...

Congratulations to Antonio Gonzalez on his enlightenment of Mackinnon's readers about the United States movement in *The Queen Mary* (October 31). The work of Betty Williams and Muriel Corbett has given hope to people all over the world. Now Gonzalez, with fashionable cynicism, has reversed the moralistic machinery behind the facade of two women committed to their cause. I don't know if Gonzalez's statements are accurate but I do think it is futile to shatter the hope these women have inspired throughout the world.

MARLENE BAILEY EDMONTON

The glory that isn't Rome

Blood, Ash (October 31) set into motion the final death throes of a dream. Some 30 years ago my big dream was to visit beautiful romantic Italy. After reading about Italy's present moral condition I now know the dream cannot come true because the very things that attracted me to Italy are no longer in evidence. I feel broken-hearted.

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Preview

The Americans, it seems, are ready to do (convention) business again

The Canadian tourism industry, which has been suffering mightily this year, seems almost certain to obtain some salubrious relief. In January, the U.S. Congress is expected to amend the section of the 1976 Tax Reform Act that resulted in Canada losing 130 American conventions—and an estimated \$35 million in hotel rooms alone in the first eight months of 1977. The law effectively prevents American tax writing off a proportion of any expenses incurred at foreign conventions, and since Canada traditionally got around half of these foreign conventions—about \$100 million worth annually—the blow was severe. It is also important that when Prime Minister Trudeau met President Carter a couple of months ago he mentioned it specifically. What seems most likely to happen is that Congress will support a "seasonalities" proposal sent down by the White House. What it will say is that any national association with Canadian members or affiliates (and that includes virtually all large U.S. organizations) should be able to convene in Canada with full tax relief.

will attempt to exercise regional balance of power on the Ottawa scene. The Winnipeg *sen* and *child* of immense wealth proposes an *microfire* to the policies of René Lévesque (exclusion) and Pierre Trudeau ("looking up language rights in consultation guided by a Quebec vote"). His plan, already supported by prominent Liberals and Tories, is the tune of about \$400,000, is quite simple: Quebec would be bilingual, the rest of the country English. What could be sadder than that?



Richardson: rejoice, Canada!

Who says crime doesn't pay?

Of all the Accepted Truths that went by the boards with Watergate, the most obvious one was that the wages of sin are death. Nearly all of The Womb and The Dumbest, from Richard Nixon down to Jeb Magruder, have parlayed their villainy into tidy sums over the past three years through books, television and public appearances. Now it is Bob Woodward, Nixon's chief of staff and the one man, according to Henry Kissinger, who knows 95% of what really went on at Watergate, is promising to sell all (for \$14.95 a copy) in a book titled *The Ends Of Power* due in January and Dean, whose *Blind Ambush* was among the first cashing-in books, is starting a nationally syndicated daily radio program called, appropriately, *The Right To Know*.



Dean: It's okay, he's sorry



Jimmy Richardson rides again

It is one step better a weeklong what former delirious nuclear scientist Jimmy Richardson is up to these days, he's going the "Hedley Route," launching a political party (or as he calls it, unity movement) with the title "Candidates For One Canada." It

Where has all the Flora gone?

When the film *Flora Stobbs From A Leadership Convention* is shown on the 12th December 14, the most likely viewer in the whole country will be ex-Flora MacDonald. She hates loss and despises it and insists that its producer-director-writer-narrator, Peter Raymont, betrayed her trust and completely misrepresented her campaign for the 1970 Tory leadership. Her position is not without merit, of course, she did,



MacDonald, Premier Richard Hatfield of New Brunswick, and Governor of the convention: upstaged

by consensus, but anybody seeing the film would have reason to believe that it was all engineered by the legendary Tory signifier, Toronto's Noble Goodman, at the second part of the film, certainly Goodman's wheezing-and-dealing dominates the action. Raymont, who only got access because he and MacDonald knew one another at Queen's University, admits the film may be a bit under. MacDonald says bitterly: "I hope he's proud of it."

their operations are not about to be constrained in detail in public. On the one hand, Ottawa is determined to prevent Quebec's own, no-purse RCMP inquiry, under lawyer Jean Krieger, from breaching a full-scale strategy of the Security Service. Arguing Solicitor General Francis Fox "No bodies are up" by a provincial legislator should have the power to constrain the day-to-day operations of a federal agency." On the other hand, critics are wondering whether a federally appointed royal commission (McDonald once was an active Liberal, Solicitor General Francis Fox served with Robert on the Ontario Parole Board, and Gilbert and Fox traveled in the same Montreal legal circles) will get to the bottom of the tangle. A key test will be the extent to which McDonald allows the government and the RCMP to testify in secret. McDonald told *Maclean's*: "If I had a secret, a marked secret, we have no respect that, even if other people feel we don't have to," he says. "The first air of publicity should be raised against even though the commission may cause some misgivings to individuals, because only the first air of publicity will destroy the suspicion of wrongdoing."

The commission plans months of close-by studies, with interim reports on some matters, before a "big bang" is announced for their conclusions. "If I start answers are required," McDonald asserts, "a royal commission of inquiry is not the vehicle. We're going to do our job properly and carefully."

ROBERT LOVINE

ALBERTA

The not-so-happy warrior

Eight months after he became Alberta's second director of Indian Affairs, Harold Cardinal is out in the cold again. And while his appointment had surprised both

his opponents and supporters, his dismissal last fall caused by Indian Affairs Minister Hugh Faulkner, caused few well-informed eyes so much as that. Almost from the beginning of his reign, it was clear that an over-leader was loose in the land. Even one of his supporters within the department was quick to admit: "His biggest failing was that he always moved too fast on too many fronts."

Cardinal has been accused to the furious crowding of the 32-year-old Cree over once he was elected president of the Indian Association of Alberta in 1968. He has consistently rejected a white society and especially the Indian Affairs department, whose leaders he dismissed as "parasitism" where do-gooders. He flailed at Indian Affairs agents for "invasion" as the epitome of "unimproving Indians." And yet, out of a room, his Indian Association, which he had transformed from a small, informal, volunteer-based club to an influential 28,000-member lobby, was at least as part the architect of his fall.

His appointment had been welcomed by many Indians as a step toward power out of their own affairs. A few cynics said the move that the best way to silence a radical is to turn him into a bureaucrat, and predicted there would be no more heard from Cardinal. They could not have been more wrong. Four days to go to his new job, he seemingly rethought his in-lieu-of-leave, and he resolved to "special projects" and banded them to himself several others. Several books away from headquarters. The six body two are staff with the department.



About 50 Indians joined AIM leader Ed Burnstick to demonstrate to protest the dismissal of Cardinal. Left: Burnstick. Right: Burnstick, heavily surprised.

Soon Cardinal, long reputed to be a master politician and manipulator, began colluding with fellow Indian Shilling and politics, personal rivalries that were back years, and tribal jealousies that had gone on for generations all intertwined. Three of the dozen tribes in the land for his department were members of the American In-

dian movement who had been involved in the armed occupation of administrative offices on the Henry Reserve, 46 miles west of Calgary, in September, 1976. To protest the appointment, Chief John Snow promptly declared his would send only with Ottawa. The independent-minded head of a gun-club band, he was the first to attack Cardinal publicly. "This red movement is worse than the one we've had over the last 100 years," the chief declared. They began over the administration of the band's 312-acre land and reserves. Aoki followed and the group was inspired to have been asked to conduct an investigation into management of the band's interests. Cardinal made over one hundred by withdrawing financial signing privileges from central office, temporarily cutting off most band funds for education, office staff salaries, and forthcoming loans and grants. And so the fire went. By the time Cardinal's government staff took a packet to Severn and land, it could hardly pass without that the package included Cardinal's letter—already on a return to a consultant at \$50 per day.

Alberta's Indian chief, at least once, closed themselves at a three-day meeting to discuss the Cardinal take-over, but it wasn't until this fall that they made their independence public. The first move may have been Cardinal's October order that Alberta's 42 bands would not receive further federal money until they came up with an unqualified audit of how they had spent their 1976 funds. It was then that Joe Don, who replaced Cardinal as president of the IAA, wrote to Quebec with a request for Cardinal's resignation signed, Don

swindled, 27 chiefs and band councils. It later appeared that only 24 had actually signed—and some of them were having second thoughts.

Faulkner offered Cardinal another job, then turned down, and a week to the day after their arrival in Ottawa, Dave McNeil chose Cardinal's Manitoba counterpart, who settled in Edmonton as temporary regional director. But the war is far from over. A week later, 50 Indians supporting him arrived in Ottawa for a comparison of the Indian Affairs officers in Edmonton. Cardinal's choice to be fired so he would not have direct access to Indian information within the department involving abuses of the Indian Economic Development Fund. Before his dismissal, he had asked the RCMP to investigate a possible break-in and theft of files documenting his charges. The files have mysteriously disappeared and Cardinal is now promising to reveal their contents—details he says, about a 100-million loan deposited under "non-suitable circumstances," involving back-bills from Indian leaders in department personnel.

Cardinal admits that nothing will stop his attacks on the Indian Affairs department. He is looking as much, even though he appears to be operating in ever-increasing isolation. "What bureaucrats in Ottawa have decided to be the war drums against us," he says, "and they have found some Indians to do their war songs for them." But he hears the beat of a different drum, and clearly has no intention of changing his pace.

BERNARD SWANSON

WINNIPEG

A touch of Gallic justice

André Gagnier's suit pretended to be a suit of rather successful affairs when the 21-year-old Quebec-born soldier was charged with manslaughter in the crib death of his five-month-old son, Sébastien.

In theory, there should have been no problem since Winnipeg has a large francophone population, nearly in the suburban province of St. Boniface. But on the trial jury panel of 15, only one spoke French. When Alvin, a backup list produced only another one, Mr. James W. Scott Wright had a bizarre idea: he gave Sébastien Sébastien a handful of blank test tubes, jury members, and turned him and his two digits into a 100-day proving. They created the stress of St. Boniface and asked people with even a faintly Gallic sense: "Do you speak French?" If the answer was yes—or no—the respondent had to draw everything and appear in court at 2 p.m. the next day.

Cardinal made over one hundred by withdrawing financial signing privileges from central office, temporarily cutting off most band funds for education, office staff salaries, and forthcoming loans and grants. And so the fire went. By the time Cardinal's government staff took a packet to Severn and land, it could hardly pass without that the package included Cardinal's letter—already on a return to a consultant at \$50 per day.



Sebastien Gagnier (left) and Hugon (right) do you speak French, after Plan, come with me, said the sheriff.

Midman Dennis Hugon had just completed an early-bed shift and was looking forward to a late afternoon when Sébastien's cribbed into his garage. When Raymond Chevrone was out calling a letter. "They were a great bunch," Sébastien said. "They may have been a bit startled but most of them were really excited." And he said the sheriff and his merry band had carried away prospects (two of whom went on to serve).

Hugon had argued that Sébastien's pre-arranged would be better able to judge his friends. What made the whole episode seem somewhat beside the point was that Gagnier's bilingual and only his pregnant wife, Sébastien, had been in French in his eyes after 12 hours of deliberation and all made jury acquitted Gagnier. STYVIA WINE



16th the last. Orend bulldozed through the Old Scouts who had stopped with him from Mont to Colville and his ceremony is enshrined were understood by the many mourners who failed to wear the eagle armor (happily of top hat and tails. But there remained, after all, some comfort in these funeral homes for no-

The band funeral, proceeding through the Halifax streets, gave for three past.

pic Nova Scotia anglophones. Colville Sidney Orend managed to demonstrate in death that he was a warrior for whom the star had not yet set upon the British Empire.

Just the way he would have wanted it

The Old Navy had brewed beer in Halifax since Confederation, but there was little of the New World event at the elaborate funeral mounted last month for Colonel Sidney Culverwell Orend, 81, World War I battery commander and vice-regal aide-de-camp, in three Canadian governors' presence. To the beat of a single pipe-muffled drum, his flag-covered coffin wheeled through Halifax on a gun carriage behind a guard of honor with rifles lowered and a pipe playing *God Save the King*. At the last chapter on his 4,000-acre valley near Deshaile, soldier in 1903 chose his valley into the fragile autumn air.

It was Halifax's first gun-drummed funeral in 10 years and men in top hats with touch lines honed in 1914, it was likely





ish was literally the second language. He didn't even speak English until he started school. Now the area is so assimilated that his seven-year-old brother (the youngest in a family of 11) has trouble with French. A bilingual course has been started on the local school to help stop the process. But there is no reason no expatriates no demands for language rights. Minimal to an Anglo, Bismarck speaks English at home, and says readily it would be "pre-emptive" to expect government service in French locally. Quite simply, he says "I don't know what a French Canadian is. Probably it's different from what a Québécois thinks I is their generation. Maybe I no longer have the characteristics of the Québécois. Maybe I've been around Anglos and I've lost it."

A tiny basement apartment in a senior apartment house is the headquarters of one of Calgary's 175 ethnic associations—La Société Franco-Canadienne de Calgary. It has the only French bookstore and library in town. In the last census out of 5,365 Californians whose mother tongue was French, only 1,400 actually used the language. In the past few years, more and more Québécois have been arriving. You can hear them in the streets. They come, sometimes knowing no word of English, sometimes without a penny looking for jobs. The very afternoon we went to Quebec, if Quebec, surprised, these francophones wouldn't expect Canada to continue supporting bilingualism. "They will struggle to qualify," said Françoise Bingham, a 35-year-old mother of two, "but a drop of blood."

Though they are outnumbered, they retain a strong sense of identity. Marcie Jean-Louis, 24, a transplanted black from Haiti speaking French in the heart of Anglo Canada, captured the contrast in words. "When had two people with a good idea of who they are, they would have a discussion. But if one has a good idea and the other is searching everywhere for anything to define himself, then it's just frustrating. Quebec has a collective essence. Anglo Canada doesn't."

The task force in session (above) and Chagnon-Pedford (below) the newest, my friend: even and to believe in the world



The day after the task force left Calgary, its new mayor, Ron Alger, could say with all the cultural assurance of a member of the majority "Separation is very acute. We are very busy doing our thing. We go south to Banff every. We go north to Alaska. We never run out of English."

Quebec City Canada's oldest city, despite the new hotels that tug its walls, still stands like an ancient sentinel on the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence River. Here the task force visits the most politically contentious part of Canada, a people bound to become aware because of the need to protect themselves in the federal system. The city has flourished in the past 20 years along with an expanding provincial government. The number of government employees has doubled. Its unemployment rate is 9.0% compared to Calgary's 5.9%, but that's not bad by Quebec standards. Government grows, after all, is probably a more preferable foundation for expansion than its new mayor Jean Pelletier.

knows that the average citizen with a car in the garage doesn't like to have to lose it, a penalty that separation could cause. But he also knows that Québécois have held on to their culture only by "reluctantly giving it. It cannot be the same Canada today," he said on the eve of the language "This movement is irreversible. There is an evolution. The more time passes, the more things find their place."

Thirty-five-year-old Lionel Belonger, a worker with the Caisse Populaire de Québec, is the kind of person whose both sides in these friends in light will be coming. So far he has not made up his mind how he will vote. But he is "reflecting." He has a lifetime to reflect on.

As a boy, he was never really proud of being Canadian. He was anxious of U.S. national pride. In the 1960s, he was a community worker and watched all the savings being pulled in Ottawa. The 1970 October Crisis showed him Quebec politicians were weak and the federal government didn't trust Quebec movements. He has twice voted for the right for their voice on independence, but because he wanted another kind of government. For the past four or five years, he has felt progressively more "Québécois." He doesn't know for sure how this can be expressed in national terms. He only knows "Quebec has something special, and it's something that to be done to recognize all that is different in it." He can't wait what surprise he and his family, now living in a new bungalow in Quebec's South Shore, are willing to make. But they talk with friends all the time. "I want to follow the situation because I have to make a decision," he says. But his wife Clémence, says so many things are changing at once—the church, the schools, the social life. "Are the people ready for it?" Belonger asks. "That's what I always ask myself."

The night the task force held its televised, much-delayed public meeting in the swarming city of Montreal, Belonger was. The hall was packed with Quebec-Canada Movement supporters, a pro-federalist group that claims a membership of 100,000. He had a few good nights. At the old man who described Canada's options in terms of beds. A double bed. Two beds in one room, or two separate rooms in two separate houses. He laughed at the man who stubbornly kept reading his text long after his microphone had been shut off. He knew nothing in common with all the postmodernism of low art, contrary to the decision.

When one task force member after another spoke of the warmth and understanding they were bringing from one part of the country to the other, he decided to leave. He had come to sit in every debate, but suddenly found the event uninteresting. "I couldn't believe that the people on the task force could just sit there and not see," he said to his left. "There were people who had things to say. But they were not there."

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government. The risk a no government would mean for Canada, stressed Ryan, was he might lose the Quebec market, a major source of Robert Bourassa.

Though Ryan immediately turned his pen against the new government, other journalists chose to stay loyal to their dreams, reaching their personal crises by finding their roles as observers for those of others. The National Assembly Press Gallery alone lost six reporters to the political maelstrom of the 1990s. Pro-independence advocates of most Quebec reporters are not living to Paris. Québec's isolationist or conspiracy theories for the province have always been highest among the university

educated middle class. Young doctors, lawyers and engineers, too, are sympathetic to independence but pragmatic because of the nature of their work, are more malleable.

"French newspapers," Roy says, "have a perspective a little more Latin, more idealistic than the English press. Reporters have the luxury to analyze at the same time as they give the news. It's a luxury that we can live with as long as it remains within reasonable bounds."

At Le Devoir the bounds are wide enough to include direct reporter participation in newsroom management. A month-long strike in 1975 was the point.

Unused reporters form the majority of the paper's news committee which meets each Thursday to review performance and plan future coverage. "It is an excellent thing professionally and psychologically and has been very beneficial to the newspaper," says editor Roy who chairs the committee, but he would never accept the union demands, fixing his strickenboard competitors. "I can understand the desire to have a greater say in the production of their newspaper, but I deplore the tendency to want so much security they stumble into the excesses of corporatism."

Striving journalists reject they are defending against the excesses of capitalism and the concentration of press ownership, especially under Paul Desmarès who has Canada's ownership laws, Roy says. Roy and the paper's corps of Canadianists-Bourassa to worry about as well as his

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newspaper. Brother Louis Desrosiers after all, has been given time off as president of the latter fleet to take charge of the Council for Canadian Unity, a tribute he uses to blame the news media for the cultural antagonism threatening Canada, and by unspoken consequence the expanding Desrosiers galaxy. Lord Thomson of Fleet, perennial enough to take the underground to work, gladly maintained

Ryan that Desrosiers had to go was one thing, that Quebec must not go another.

The Times is a money loving voice in defense of the political and economic order that nurtured its network of associations. Some of the journalists striking against Desrosiers suspect he, too, has political designs for his newspaper holdings. Plans to meet a then morning edition of *La Presse*

for distribution outside Montreal were foiled by the strike. It was to have been heavy on politics and light on sports and advertising.

"The political situation in Quebec so doubt equally displeases the owner of *La Presse*," says Daniel Marchais, president of the union local striking *La Presse*. "The aim of the new national edition, in my, could only be to spread the federalist opinion." And in Quebec City, a member of *La Presse*'s union negotiating team has similar apprehensions. "We have no proof, but we fear the owners are determined to tighten their control over us before the referendum," warns Ghislaine Rhéault. *La Presse*, technically independent of Desrosiers, is considered by its employees to be within his sphere of influence since he put up much of the money for its purchase by good friend Jacques Frenette.

The extravagant suite 702 of Montreal's Rasmussen Inn is the refuge and operations centre of Frenette, Roy, labor relations boss of *La Presse* and Montreal-Mexico. It is almost noon and the hefty Roy strides into the coach facing an hotel fireplace. His wide hand suffocating a hotel tumbler packed with scotch. A slim, unceremoniously groomed secretary emerges from the adjoining bedroom to intercept the assistant telephone calls. Roy rolls his eyes toward the ceiling and ponder the reasons why journalists belonging to the Confederation of National Trade Unions were simultaneously striking three papers—*Huon*, *La*

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we don't know what they are after. The more keeps complaining about the intervention of press ownership and they are lobbying the government to do something about it. Maybe they're disrupting the flow of information to justify intervention."

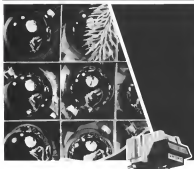
The strike initiatives come, he claims, from the full-time union advisers of the CIO, always more an ideological movement than a broad and better union from the time even elected by the Roman Catholic Church as a barrier against the "Communists" internationalism moving into Quebec from the United States. Recently over the years since, the American-based international union settled into a more, dol-

lors and confusion on while those Quebec revolt abandoned Catholicism for a new faith and revolutionary inspired by Karl Marx. By definition, unions are always right, the issues always wrong. To death or question is history.

Nasser does not readily the voices of André Dufourci paid advice to the striking locally suspected not only by management but by a growing share of the public's reporters in a manipulator of elected union executives. La Presse workers were so divided and confused a month after they hit the streets they voted to form a special committee to investigate and report on the cause of the conflict. Dufourci has his own

absolutist explanation. "All union members and newspapers have in their priority the limitation of the effects of press concentration." Why? Finally, to protect jobs that disappear with newspaper closures and, secondly, "to combat ideological concentration." To accomplish both, the union is urging journalists everywhere to fight the use of syndicated columns and the use of their own copy in other newspapers. Dufourci argues journalists have the moral right to full control over "the product of their labors."

Quebec's English press is spared from such vitriol ideological wariness but it is not immune to confrontation between reporters and their bosses. Late one Friday just before the Quebec elections, Gazette reporters discovered that publisher Ross Stowers had written a parody, anti-10 editorial slated for a rare four-page display



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the next day. Murro, a former World War II correspondent, had been transferred by Southern Press Ltd. from the *Edmonton Journal* to the fast-growing and editorially poised *Gazette*, the only one of Montreal's six dailies to have lost circulation last year.

Proctor Rousseau, aware at the last he was in grave difficulty, had begged Murro to make occasional appearances out of their posting, even when his language legislation and union against the *rq* Murro's editorial warned that a *rq* government would be a "calamity" for Quebec. His reports, particularly those made in Quebec, tended to shore the Claude Ryan theory that if the *rq* were not quickly, the Liberals promised catastrophe. And they were, above all, offensive to *The Gazette* (readers to English readers).

The staff reacted quickly, circulating a statement denouncing "the attack" from the publisher's editorial and, though the *rq* was so much to protest their, succeeded in having their dictations of dissent published. Editors who refused to sign because of their misgivings were put on their own article protest by sending Murro's editorial to the composing room complete with its 12 glaring errors of grammar and syntax. There were no direct reprisals, but a year later 15 of the 36 journalists who signed the protest had quit the paper. Some too were the editorial page editor, the managing editor and the city editor. Murro, disheartened, and a year later to the day, when the *rq* sold the newspaper paid only one an organizing bid of clerical employees, up all then ungratefully state-owned. Replacements were recruited in Ontario, bilingualists in short, but not existent.

Editor Harrison does not believe the liability of *Gazette* management to read competing newspapers and understand its

Harrison: Intemperate language in the pursuit of Anglo-Quebecer rights is, essentially, no vice



language of Quebec makes it impossible to produce a possible newspaper. "I would not much happen and more confident about some sort of my future if I were fixed in French. My French course starts next week. Though I'm under no illusion that it will make me fluent, I hope it will give me a better grasp of the language than I now have. But I don't expect that the ability to be fluent in French is a necessary impediment to editing an English newspaper in Montreal. I don't accept that for a moment."

Harrison's confidence is understandable. The *Gazette*, which started two centuries ago as a French newspaper and then went bilingual before converting to English, is on the verge of reversing the evolution under his editorial direction. A quarter of the paper's readers are bilingual French-speakers, a market it will have to grow if *The Gazette* is to survive the flight of English Quebecers from the province. Harrison denies staff rumors that mock-ups have been made for a French-language section, but admits the bilingualization of the paper is under study. "What is being considered is that somewhere down the line we reflect our French relationship that we carry something in the paper as French. It's a long-term thing that we haven't really done much about."

For the time being, the paper is having enough troubles with language. *The Gazette* is one of few windows English Quebecers have on French Quebec and its politics. This window is badly fogged. Errors pointed by *The Gazette* and so



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spread unchecked through the community, introducing bizarre new myths to the beleaguered minority's political folklore. Last summer, *The Globe* headlined "MURKIN CALLS SOME FLUENTS NON-FLUENTS." The expression, evoking the spirit of a Soviet pogrom, became rooted in the vocabulary of English Montreal. The only weakness of the headline and accompanying story was that education is never Jacques-Yves Morin did not use "non-persons" or anything like those words to describe immigrant children illegally enrolled in English schools. The reporter responsible later conceded: "It was probably my interpretation of what he said."

Morin defends his reporter: "English Montrealers, just as French Montrealers, are entitled to ask themselves with whatever pejorative terms they wish to as persons of their side of the debate. Hail, if I like, can brand every statement by Pierre Trudeau blackmail, bourgeois, piracy" or whatever. I see nothing very unusual with using the term 'non-persons'."

Perhaps Morin is right. In a climate of political tension it is not unusual for reporters, editors and publishers to be drawn in to the storm. But, inevitably, as they become part of the story, they lose their capacity to cover it.

Desrosiers (left) and Laramie if it's an offense to employ Le Presse for the sake of national unity, they both plead guilty



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A boy named Willie, who had been
stripes from head to tail, was like a
like peeling skin. "I've been told
"Sammy Davis Jr. likes this," said
it is. Harry Love, who was there, said:

The location of the door looks as if it's been propped with a crowbar. The light reveals a huge room, broken windows covered with colored, uncut stones, a white painted naker with springs trailing on the floor, two beds that look like an entomologist's delight, a green carpet with incoherent red stars, piles of paper chips below the brown stained ceiling. The bathroom door is jammed. The ceiling shelves off, returns with a hummer and chases. The door pops open. The bathroom is unspeakable. It's hard to blame "And George M. Cohen used to write all his songs at the Shelburne," she knows.

The Bible is open to the 23rd Psalm.

boardwalk, a stretch of pavement on a highway, leading for 5 miles past a docket of tall hotels and elegant homes. Of the architectural, pure, three-story houses are crisscross marching out to sea on wooden pylons, with sides and porches and huts dole made, billboards two blocks long. It was once the remote remote capital of America (long before Las Vegas bloomed on the Nevada desert), where Bob Hope, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra launched career Broadway shows of the Twenties and



to go to the state Senate in 1998. "The Vegas Reporters are a joke. There is a plaque on his office that thanks him for revitalizing Atlantic City through casino gambling. He pushed for gambling referendums through the state legislature and this year he helped draft the Casino Control Act which will bring a tail to the state. He pounds his fist on his desk and says out the future." "This town will rise or paving but it will be a town to live, not like it's always been with casinos. We don't want to be Vegas East. We may be selling a piece of a resort, but we're putting a high price on it."

Some family towns. It was the only cit-





Boardwalk (above) back in the Twenties when, as the song goes, life was peachy and green. The scene (below) of today where life is unemployment and poverty



on the eastern seaboard had carved up into Mafia fiefdoms. The spots were so rich it was left open to all.

The politics were . . . colorful. Atlantic City and Atlantic County were run, for almost 70 years, by the most powerful Republican machine outside of Orange County, California. The first leader went to prison in 1911 for graft and corruption. He was succeeded by a flashy, dapper gentleman known as Enoch (Nucky) Johnson. Johnson wore flowers in his lapels, looked on his arm, and was proud to be seen strolling the boardwalk with his pal Al Capone. They shared common problems. In 1960, Nucky Johnson went to jail for tax evasion ("They letted up the towels in the whorehouse. That's how they got him," explains Perdue) but the machine ground on under the inspired leadership of Frank (Hap) Farley.

The Farley machine controlled the courts and its entire civil service of the city and five counties. "These in positions of power got 10% of everything," snarls Perdue. Farley's grip was finally broken in 1971. The next year, a federal grand jury indicted the mayor, a former mayor and five city officials on charges of graft and bribery. In August, 1973, a state grand jury indicted 26 Atlantic City politicians. An informed source in the state police says, "We could have busted all 264 of them. But how would it have looked?" Farley was never prosecuted. He left a disastrous legacy.

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CHANEL





The Marlborough-Blenheim (top) and Senator Bruce Bawer (above) here's sitting on a gold mine—but the roof may come in

Atlantic City had become a two-note melody. It was a beach resort to summer, a convention town in winter. The hotel owners kept it that way, forcing other investors out, holding wages in the other. "They had this town where," growls a taxi driver.

By the mid-Sixties, cheap jet service lured tourists to more exotic towns, other beaches. The hotels decayed. Ten years later Las Vegas was drawing 11 and not va-

rents a year, while Atlantic City (with 60 million people only a day's drive away) got two million. Slowly, the Philadelphia rich were replaced by hordes of poor blacks from Newark and New York, cardists of touring Canadians.

From 1968 to 1975, seven major hotels closed. With them went 4,000 rooms. The shikhan couldn't or wouldn't pay their back taxes. In the 15 years to 1975, the population fell from 60,000 to 44,000. Of those who remained, 25% were out of work, 20% lived in substandard housing. Atlantic City had to have a miracle—something that would cause hotels to be built, places to

lead, tourists to spend, conversions to line up at the door. An industry that would fit in. And what was the fastest growing, most profitable, non-polluting industry that lived in big hotels? Gambling.

Controversies were fanned, campaigns were waged. Pendergast and former state senator Joseph McCaskey got a referendum before the state voters in 1974, calling for state-wide and state-run gambling. The voters were not enthralled. In 1976 another controversy was formed, the Atlantic City Convention and Resort Authority (ACCRA) raised \$8.5 million and hired the best referendum organizer in the country. Supporters stamped up and down the state making lavish promises. The new gaming industry would be primarily owned but it would be guided by rules, many rules. Gambling would be allowed only in casinos. Casinos could only be built in first-class hotels with more than 500 rooms. Since no Atlantic City hotels fitted this definition, casino operators would have to build new ones, or refurbish the old. Just to get into the game would require a \$20 million investment in 80 years, and each there would be 15,000 first-class rooms, 10 casinos, jobs for everyone and their sons.

Plans were captured about organized crime. Everyone would be licensed: casino owners, investors, corporations, hotel workers, police, chambermaids, dealers, security guards, waitresses. No "undesirables" would be allowed, no tainted money trail. This Monopoly game would have the toughest rules in the world.

Other benefits were mentioned. New Jersey needed revenues, and gambling would provide. A percentage of the casino profits would be used to reduce the tax burden on the elderly and the disabled.

It was a brilliant package. When the referendum passed in November, 1976, they danced in the streets of Atlantic City. The referendum had arrived. Stand by for the Second Coming.

Billy Weinberger leans back in his chair. He calls himself the Dean of Las Vegas because he used to be president of Caesars Palace. Now he's in charge of running the Marlborough-Blenheim, into a gold mine. He talks the air with his right. "Atlantic City will be a deluxe again. A city of excitement. There will be prizefights, great social events, hoopla, and you can quote me on it."

But you can't quote him on what the Marlborough-Blenheim will look like, how it will be financed, when precisely it will open its doors. "We haven't picked an architect yet. We don't know how we will be financed until we know what we're going to build."

The streets are alive with rumors. Is the red-flecked bar of the Marlborough-Blenheim, local businessmen huddle in packs and whisper, whisper over who's bought what, who's building what, which players have been shovelled off the board.

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9. Mitre Peak in the incredible blue of Milford Sound. This misty dreamscape can change to brilliant sun and rainbows in a matter of minutes.



10. "Bula!" In Fijian that's "Welcome!" And you get a warm one in the hot unspoiled South Pacific paradise.



11. The Maoris called New Zealand *Aotearoa*, the land of the long white cloud. You'll call it the most beautiful land on earth.

12. The famed Matuku fly originated in New Zealand. Tie one and catch a brown trout. But it's



under 14 inches you've got to throw it back.

13. The sign at the top of the road to Napier reads: TAUMATA- WHAKATANGIHANGAKO-AUAUOTAMATEATURIPIK-AKAFIKIMAUHANGAHORONUKUPOKAIWHENUAKITANA-TAHU. Translated from Maori it means: "The place where Tamates, the man with the big knees, who slid, climbed, and swallowed mountains, known as land-eater, played his flute to his loved one."

14. Aussie beer. It's light and it goes down easy. But careful! The stuff's got a kick like a kangaroo.

15. Buy a prize merino ram. About \$30,000. Or buy a sheepskin rug you'll prize. Less than \$30



16. Shop. For cameras, watches, you-name-it. Most things are duty-free in Fiji. Enough said.

17. Collect the celebrated Maori wood carvings. Ferocious faces, curvilinear designs and inlaid eyes of paua shell.

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that turns conversions to Atlantic City fireproofed casinos. Their latest describes the unfolding miracle: \$1.1 billion dollars in conversion business coming by 1985. A billion dollars in hotel construction planned. Airlines begging for landing rights. The president, Gerry Kauper, charts the routes of the properties bought and sold, like a man walking through a maze.

Resorts International came to Atlantic City in May, 1976. It took an option on a 56-acre urban renewal tract (flickered years before by the city's housing authority) and announced plans to build a 1,000-room luxury casino/hotel complex. Four months later it purchased the Clifton-Haddon Hall (a 1,000-room brick wedding cake with concrete wings) on the Boardwalk. So far, Resorts has spent \$20 million refurbishing Haddon Hall.

Resorts came in before the referendum passed. The Bahamian government had moved to take over its cruise complex on Paradise Island; it needed a haven. Recently *Raven's* debased into Resorts' back ground and came up with a fatal of mysticism. In a two-part article, the journal suggested, Resorts took financier Hunking Hunking to the cleaners while gaining control of Paradise Island; that Resorts had business dealings with Robert Vesco, that a consultant appeared at Bobo Ribon's bank with large amounts of cash at odd hours of the night, that Resorts made heavy "political contributions" to Bahamian officials, that one of the Paradise Island managers, Eddie Collins, was the brother of Dino Collins, a known Meyer Lansky associate, suggesting a Mafia link to Resorts.

President Jack Davis becomes indignant when the *Raven's* piece is mentioned. He insists Collins was checked by the U.S. justice department and found to be free of any taint, but that Resorts is so careful he was fired anyway.

The big question about Resorts is whether skeletons in the closet will keep them from getting a license.

The Bally Manufacturing Corporation, the world's largest manufacturer of slot machines, leased the Marlborough-Blenheim from Boardwalk member Rose Pelley and her partner, Marty Bart. Then Bally bought the Hotel Dennis next door for four million dollars, and hired Billy Weinberger to run their show. Since Bally is a large corporation (with \$207 million in revenues last year), it should have no problems raising the \$75 or \$100 million needed to renovate. But there are questions about Bally.

When president William O'Donnell named a small private company into Bally Manufacturing in 1962, he had financial help from some former owners. One of them was Gerry Cates, known to New Jersey police as the state's Mafia boss (Cates did six years for refusing to talk about his business to the State Commission of Investigation). Bally bought out Cates's interest in 1964, but used his New

Jersey death warrant until 1971.

In 1973, Bally got a license in Nevada to operate slot machines there. The company was ordered to purge staff of some less than desirable individuals and prostitutes. But then Bally vice-president Sam Klein, was seen playing golf with Cates in Nevada, ordered Bally to get out of Klein and gave Klein two years to sell his stock. This October, Bally was examined by Nevada again. It was put on probation for three years in license to be examined each year.

Will Bally get a license?

Casinos World, the group that brought you Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, announced they would build a major hotel on

the site of the old Traymore Hotel. They leased the land for 99 years at an initial annual rate of \$325,000.

A Caesars World spokesman says feasibility studies aren't complete and won't be for several months. They don't yet know where their financing will come from. They have not bothered to apply to Las Vegas for the right to apply for a license in New Jersey. "These deals aren't put together overnight," says the spokesman.

And there are the straightest deals in town. Little wonder that the mood of the business community is as stormy, as hysterical as a Holly Rollie convention. "The reality

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action is more talk than actuality," says
Commissioner Bank president Jay Bradley.

Investigative reporter Mike Cheneau is
gagging to himself after running through
the list of deaths. Who, asks the reporter, is go-
ing to keep Atlanta City "a bloody town
like it's always been?" "Actually," he
laughs, "this is a gay city, U.S.A."

Law enforcement in Atlanta City's real
growth industry. Commission posts for state
and federal agencies sprout like fairy rings,
keeping the forces of darkness at bay.
There's a bonded-up state police intelli-
gence unit, the rna, the state investigators
of the sct, the troops from the Division of
General Enforcement. There's the County
Prosecutor's office with its arson and homi-
cide detectives. Then there are the con-
tinued "task forces" like law enforcement
task force, the liquor license task force set
up to coordinate these different groups so
they don't tend too heavily on each other's
toes. All are watching for signs of Mella
"admission." They are also watching the
Atlanta City police.

Local politicians refer to the police force
as one of the best in the nation, well able to
handle the problems presented by crime-
padding. That line draws reactions from the
mayor of the prosecutor's office, laughter
from the state police, rna from these
close to the force.

Ed Roth, a tall, doughy man with droop-
ing eyes and bangle jewelry, is the Commis-
sioner of Public Safety, responsible for the
police and fire departments. "I only took
the job," he says, "because I was the only
person in town I could trust with it." Roth
wears a shiny gun that he flashes for vis-
itors and likes to go out on fire alarms.
After a recent head for he ended up in his-
pital. "I was just as scared they had to put
me in for a while to calm down."

Roth's soldiers will not patrol the cu-
pices but will beat down street crime. Roth
is in a mild panic about it all. He recently
fantasized "to shut down Atlanta City" if
something isn't done about his budget. "I
don't have enough men to guarantee
safety," he laments, "and I'm not sure to
start screaming when it's too late."

To an outsider it appears that Roth's real
problem is quality, not quantity. Two-
young men who keep me here will told
go home early one morning in a well-lod
restaurant.

There is a 15-year patrolman who just
bought into a full block of Boardwalk.
Prices on the walk are now in the double
dollar, close for \$2,000 per square foot.
Given the fire's history of graft and en-
trainment, these young men would like to
know where he got the money.

There is a police sergeant who owns a
very successful vending machine business.
Just below the referendum, the sergeant
was seen having dinner with the top ad-
ministrator of another vending firm that
has implied no business since the referendum.
The top salesman was Angelo Basso,
elected to be the Mella leader of
Philadelphia.

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There more. One of the forces' highest ranking officers is known to be a heavy gambler. A sergeant, recently suggested of extortion, has gone with city police officers on junkies to other gaming resorts and that is well known for a man in his position. Officers find it almost impossible to arrest those involved in the underground games finding around town. Participants seem to be tipped off. Unidentified co-conspirators stand in the 1971 clearing air back on the police force. Officers who have been openly critical of these conditions have received threatening phone calls. In short, there are strong allegations that the Atlantic City police force is as it always was.

Atlantic City is not lost growing rich with money. Citizens who saw casinos at the passion for the city folk, who were pegged up and down the state during the reformation (hoping to share in future profits), now find themselves wondering if they will be allowed to stay. Forty merchants who leased shops in the beachfront hotels have had their leases canceled as the hotels shifted hands. Active Massachusetts businessmen, closing now for at least 21 years, the hotel staff shook unceremoniously through their pass. They thought gambling was the savior for the future, but the future will be a long time coming.

So they live the past good-bye. The White family (who owned the hotel until this year) held a farewell party. The crumbling rooms are filled again with the rich and the powerful — Philadelphia, New York money, Washington society. Outside the vast seaside windows, storm clouds bed up, black and heavy, over the shaggy Atlantic. The air is bone dry, dangerous, leaden, nostalgia, sweet and cloying as Easter lilies, sudden like a velvet pad.

The social hostess ("My name is Gerry, I don't have a last name") grips the visitor firmly. She points out a tall, thin woman wearing a racy stole. She shrieks with delight. "See that? That's *real* chic! Chic! These are the real guests of the MacKenzie-Blenkins, not those shabby bachelors who were here all week. The real guests just *drop* chic!"

Diamonds and old gold glint on the pale necks of women like a few who introduced herself as "The Chase-MacKenzie-Blenkins" and women like Dorothy (who volunteered her listing in Who's Who). One old gentle man is introduced. He is a retired officer of the National Guard. Just before his wife died, she ordered him to the MacKenzie-Blenkins where he would be taken care of. Next week he will have to move. He sighs over the prospect of the old Atlantic City, then offers guidance for the new.

"What this city needs with gambling coming in is the kind of leadership we got from Max Baer. I am sure Max really knew how to get things done."

Don't forget to bring the kids.

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The name

As a young chemist, James travelled throughout the world learning about the various botanicals involved in the making of gin. On his return to England from Canada, he established a distillery in Chelsea, confident he had the skill and knowledge needed to produce the very best gin.

He chose the name Beefeater for his product. As royal guardians of the Tower of London, the Beefeaters' name was both representative of the city and synonymous with tradition and prestige.

The ingredients

Of course, such a gin was very costly to produce. A better gin required more expensive ingredients. Consider seeds were carefully selected from the marshes of Essex. Special juniper berries had to be imported from the North of Italy and angelica root from Flanders.

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At the House of Burrough, quality is a prime concern. Beefeater is distilled three times to smooth it out to a satiny finish. It means taking more time and care, but it also means that you get the very best.

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An on-going tradition

Since modern techniques have been added only where they improve on traditional art and skill, the past 150 years have seen few changes at the House of Burrough. The same family, the same costly ingredients and the same closely guarded recipe insure the superior quality and smooth, subtle taste in every bottle of Beefeater.

Beefeater,
so smooth you can
drink it neat.

Closeup/Politics

The Hon. Don

The Middle East? Say, that reminds him of a story!

By Robert Miller

If diplomacy was all anecdote, the Kunitz and Gosselin, the David Owen and Cy Vance of this imperfect world would be playing respectful second fiddle to Don Jonsson's Piquette. Jonsson, 56, is Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs. He is also an indelible officer, an occasionally heroic teacher and drinker, a former broadcaster who rose from Newfoundland poverty to millionaire status, and certainly the only member of the unity-chosen Pierre Trudeau gov-

ernment to have voted twice against Confederation. His owed colleagues in the federal Liberal caucus call Jonsson "the basic man" in tribute to his oratorical skills, and to spend some time with him is to realize that this Newfie jokester is a politician without peer in Canadian public life. "There's a story about that," he'll begin, no matter what subject has popped to mind, and he'll proceed to tell it in his deep, nasally-toned voice. Jonsson's stories are polished, to the point and usually

very funny. But, as he says, he's had lots of practice and, besides, "In Newfoundland we've got a story for everything."

Also, anecdotes are not enough to us; we want foreign policy concerns to be dictated by the big bookends as well as the big bookends. So Don Jonsson, the most of his Canadian producers, is required to pursue the so-called "quiet diplomacy" preferred by the External Affairs "cartoonists," the moderates who pitter-patter up and down the gleaming corridors of the Lester



Jameson's backing in Ottawa, ignoring that old school snail and looking heavily biased, as though the latest cable from the *journalists* might have some horrible effect on their intended persons. Essentially, quiet diplomacy is walking softly and carrying a small stick.

Given his challenge, his conservative instincts, Don Jamieson wondered whether he was right for the job when Trudeau offered it to him just over a year ago. "I thought my goodness, I'll have to change my whole style," he recalls. "The first four months were a bit difficult, but then, as we went in Newfoundland, I'm an old hand for a long time."

New, under his leadership, much of the real stuffiness of the foreign policy brass was being stripped away. Jamieson was very early on to the top floor of the Pearson building, Jamieson says, not uncandidly. "I'm an informal sort of guy. I like to get on a first-name basis. I'll just say to someone, 'Look, we're going to be in that for quite a while so why don't you call me Don?' and usually it'll work." When I was in Russia last year it took about a half hour before [Soviet Trade Minister Nikolai] Feduchkin and I were telling jokes.

For two decades now, Canada has been waddling for a considerable role on the world stage, one befitting its true stature rather than its accidental and fleeting post-war importance. Over the years, the country has sought to play the honest broker in a succession of crises, to sit in middlemen between the power blocs to carry up to the Third World, to flirt with Europe, even to dabble in studied coolness toward its American neighbor.

His first priority, he considers it to smooth Canada's frequently bumpy dealings with Washington. Jamieson is unambiguously fond of the Americans (looked, he got his real start in politics helping in a campaign to make Newfoundland part of the United States). "Our relations with the United States are the overriding concern today. Our geography and trade make it essential that we get along well. In my view, any foreign minister who failed to think so would be a failure." He says he has developed a good working relationship with U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Under Jamieson's management, an independent Canadian foreign policy "will never appear to be anti-U.S. just for the sake of being anti-U.S.," which is the way it has sometimes looked in the recent past. Certainly, his attitude toward the Americans is less reserved than his ministry's has frequently been. At the time of the dispute, for example, the government published *A Foreign Policy For Canada*, a white paper that devoted exactly one sentence to the all-important question of U.S.-Canadian relations (it hoped they would continue to be good but used hundreds of pages to reflect upon the significance of the Pacific Rim, Africa, Asia, etc. One can't imagine Jamieson signing such nonsense. In the year since he took over from Allan

Mackenzie, Jamieson has traveled a fair distance. He has taken his jokes and his campaign from (he is currently on a diet and hence on the wagon, having shed roughly 50 pounds since May. "The crowded-shedding-and-cooking" ritual, on that job was killing me") to Latin America, the Soviet Union, Europe a couple of times and, of course, to Washington.

He was familiar with much of the territory anyway, having previously served as Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, also a treacherous portfolio. Late last October, he was off, alone, to Israel, Spain, Greece and Egypt, showing the maple leaf and pondering the unpopularity that permeates these countries. It is hardly stuff for a Newfoundland-er who had to drop out of school as a boy and take a five-dollar-a-week job as a bellhop. But, as Jamieson makes clear, his roots help him to fit on the ground. "Thirty years ago you think you're going to go into the history

books on the guy who finally colonized the Middle East one of your constituents says, 'Never mind that. When are you going to fix the plank on the wharf?'"

It is 4:45 a.m. (Newfoundland time) and a floggy dawn is creeping in on Gander. In the dining room of the Admirals Motel, where the food is so good Gaudin Michels ought to rate it, a group of politicians and their aides are huddled over breakfast. The Liberals' Atlantic division is on a four-day swing through Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and the tour is going well, thanks in part to the rigid discipline imposed by Heather Jamieson, special assistant to Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlanc and Don's middle daughter. (Jamieson and his wife, the former Barbara Oakley of Grosvenor, Nfld., have three daughters—Deena, Heather and Debbie—and a son, Roger.)

The bow-tie form of Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs sits on the dining room, a minute or so before



With her son's Minister of External Affairs, Don Jamieson, Heather Jamieson is often drumming.

schedule, greets his daughter's reporting staff and accepts a cup of coffee. "What hell?" jokes Mackenzie, who has beaten his successor to breakfast. "What news on the rack?" What from our ambassador? Jamieson shrinks, appreciating the irony. "They'll never find me here." A waitress bows. "I hope," Jamieson says to her, "that I didn't scare you to death when you thought me first cup in my room." She blushes, as Jamieson explains to Mackenzie that he wins the shower when the waitress knocked. Then he turns to her. "My dear, you now know all the deep secrets of the Department of External Affairs." The room breaks up. So does the waitress. Don Jamieson, a minor politician who says diplomacy is "a really polite expression" is working his first day.

He knows, in Newfoundland, as "the Honorable Mr. J." and aside from Joey Smallwood, with whom he has had his differences, he is probably the best-known citizen of his province. Broadening made him rich and famous, politics made him powerful. For 30 years, Newfoundland got their news from him—first on radio and later over television—and he became sort of a Newfoundland Walter Cronkite, instantly recognizable and trustworthy, yet over aloof. It is an image that has helped him be noticed handsily in his riding of Ferns-Burgo whenever he entered parliament in a 1966 by-election.

Jamieson likes to talk about his broadcasting days, even though he's quick to say he wouldn't want to go back to a daily on-air grind. "Now that I've seen some of the problems," he laughs, "I shouldn't remember that I used to hang out 35 commutes a week. Half an hour at the typewriter and that was Africa solved." — You know, we weren't bad. You see some of those kids today, they haven't the foggiest. They show a make at you and say their editor asked them to ask so-and-so and would they please have 60 seconds." He recalls the days when he was working for Joe Flaherty at the time the only commercial broadcasting operation in Newfoundland and Jamieson and Geoff Sinking finally got a license for radio in 1952. "He only had one transmitter. If something went wrong with it, I'd have to talk until he got it fixed. That's when I started to do it." Jamieson's broadcasts, first on radio (which remains his favorite medium) and later on television, had a massive following. Still, he stands proud of some of his more brilliant performances—the time, for example, when he filled several hours of dead air by himself because he was on live and a royal tour was running for behind schedule—Jamieson likes to remember his blunders. "One time," he laughs, "I was doing a live report and got tangled up in a horrendous specimen." And there, it is noted, the scientist rubs in a sharp contrast to the rather sensible side of the other dignitaries, stands His Ase the Green-shap.

By any standards Jamieson was a good

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broader. He served four consecutive terms as president of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, wrote a monograph on the problem of the industry, published a book on the subject, and made his own thoughts on C's and growth on the scene. Today he and Sterling have split their empire, on the order of the Canadian Radio and Television Commission, by splitting the company into two divisions, one handling the radio stations and the other taking over the six stations previously, Sterling had owned 51% of Newfoundland Broadcasting Company and Johnson 49%. But, when cyclones were raised over the company, Johnson had to sell out entirely, Sterling had the critics rejected the idea. Today, Johnson's holdings are in a third state, to comply with its federal of communications law, he has sold his share to the best friend and trustee, Alan Waters "For his part, Johnson doesn't deny being a millionaire but simply laughs. "Today on Atlantic Radio to keep me in the manner to which I've had no business becoming

Jason was born in St John's in 1921, may have inherited some of his journalistic talent from his father, Charles. "He had the official title of Compiler of the *Poker Dispatch*," Jamieson says. "I can't quite say he was a newspaperman, but he was a dispatch writer, and only very people aware of the St John's area get the news. The government appointed a compiler to prepare a daily summary and it was voted to call the telegraph office in Newfoundland, where the people would go and read it." His father was a fisherman, but he and his family, as well as his brother, his brother had to work in a restaurant to make ends meet, and "I had to quit school. I think I finished grade 10. Anyway, I got a job as a bellhop in the Newfoundland Hotel. I was paid five dollars a week, with 25 cents as a tip. I was a bellhop for a year and a half or so, though. Jamieson was able to go on to college.

D.J. the D.J. back at CJON in 1994; the problem of 'dead air' was easily solved

back to school. "I wanted to take a business course, and the only one available was at a convent, the Mercy Convent. There were only three or four boys among about 40 girls. I was the only Protestant."

Armed with his business diploma, Jamison landed a job with the then—and still—powerful Crooke empire. Just before the Second World War, the Crookes acquired the Coca-Cola bottling franchise for Newfoundland and Jamison became its promotion manager.

After 1945, when Newfoundland began to wonder where it was going, it had been administered under a London-appointed commission for several years and agitation was beginning for a return to responsible government. Jamieson was one of the agitators. There were a number of epiphsies, including full independence, association with Canada and the one Jamieson's friend and boss, Ches Crosbie, preferred, union with the United States. After Joey Smallwood and confederations had won the referendum, Jamieson covered the story for newspapers in Ottawa.

Polunsky, Newfoundress was a Smallwood fieldman and Jamieson and Sterling were too busy consolidating their holdings to worry much about politics anyway. But then Jamieson met Lester Pearson: they became friendly and politics began to bother Jamieson, worked on Pearson's disastrous 1958 election. "I don't think I've ever admired anyone more than I admired him at that time," Jamieson says. "I traveled across the country with him and he knew he was going to get creamed, and yet he never once"

When Pearson finally became Prime Minister, he immediately began trying to get rid of Jamieson as a Newfoundland lieutenant to replace the steady-to-rotate Jack Pickens, but Jamieson was busy with his campaign. Finally in 1985, he was ready.



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Anyway, the deal was that a seat would be opened up as a Senator's appointment, but first there was a bid and a campaign bid to wait until a by-election the following year. He won and soon entered the cabinet, as Minister of Defense Production. Since then he has steadily worked his way up through Transport, Regional Economic Expansion, Trade and now External.

For years, Jamieson maintained a home in St. John's and traveled back and forth to Ottawa. Recently, though, he bought a house in Ottawa and now his only residence in Newfoundland is a year-round cottage on Seaside Island in Placentia Bay. "My grandfather settled there from the north of Scotland," Jamieson says. "It's a vacant island now, but it's a great place."

Aside from Seaside Island, Jamieson's favorite place is his 40-foot boat, the Decoy. "It's a play on my initials, and also a radio reference. My earlier boat was called the Statue Break. I enjoy the boat. It's a great way to get around, to talk to the fishermen. And it's a beautiful bay."

It hasn't been all sweetest and light for Jamieson. Politics is a grind and he has by no means won all the battles he's fought. He and Sealwood have been feuding for years. (Once, when Jamieson went to Sealwood's home to lobby for the late Robert Winters, during the 1980 Liberal leadership campaign won by Trudeau, Sealwood pointedly gifted Jamieson carrying a copy of Trudeau's book, *Federation and The French Canadian*, and later, in Ottawa, delivered most of the 84 delegates to the current Prime Minister. Winters was a narrow runner-up.)

"You know," Jamieson said one morning over coffee about the on-fairly Nautica, which place between North Sydney, N.S., and New Brunswick, "I understand Donald Mackenzie's decision to resign as finance minister. He's still young. He has time to start another career. I told him not long ago that it was time to make up his mind. If he was going to stay, I promised him I'd support him for the leadership one day. But he decided to go, and on balance, I think he's done the right thing."

As for himself, he's decided to run at least one more time. "I think I have something to contribute on the national level," he says. "I understand some of the Quebecer's frustrations. I really do. When I was young I had a tremendous feeling for Newfoundland, for my country, if you will. I fought against Confederation then but the times today, the situation in Newfoundland and the way it has worked as part of Canada argue clearly in favor of unity rather than separation." With that, Canada's newest foreign minister steeled and began preparing to sign a peace treaty with U.S. Ambassador Enders, to address a delegation from the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference and, later in the day, to welcome King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola of Belgium. It was not going to be a first-time kind of afternoon. ☐

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Hi, I'm Walter. Buy me. And other tales of the road

By Walter Stewart

Every spring and every fall, it happens again. The great flock begins to gather, herded together by the shrill cries of their leaders and by an instinct as old as time itself. Beloved members of the flock become upstarts—they begin to poison themselves to make short dashes to and fro, disturbing and exciting other members. The cries become more insistent, more insistent and then suddenly one of the flock is captured, followed by a second, a third, a fourth, and the very day seems darkened by their passage.

The Great Semi-Annual Book-Flag is on.

When swallows, salmon and caribou in a great they do to for terrible causes—tax and food. Authors have no such excuse. We unconsciously try to tell more books, on the notion that any given writer, if he or she appears on enough TV talk shows, makes up enough forewords, signs enough autographs and survives enough airport lines to the performance will somehow become a best seller, and his monumental work, *Me And My Madonna*, will climb up there with *The National Dream*, *Somewhere in Works*. Besides, the publisher, with some help from the Canada Council, is paying the shot. And, as one publisher said to me just ago, "You got to see the country."

Fair chance. What you got to see comes in this order:

1. The masses of the cries of publishers' representatives.
2. The masses of radio stations.
3. The deluge of television stations.
4. The deluge of hotel suites.
5. Other authors.

The publishers' reps look burned, the other authors bewildered, and everything else looks dingy. Recently, at the end of my own great book flag, I realized that I had only the dampest recollections of what had

any—I imagine countless feel much the same when they report in at Capetown. All that was left was a blur of klieg lights, microphones, black faces and a voice, my own, saying "I'm glad you asked that question, U.S. or W. or would you mind repeating the question?" That, and a few highlights.

The time, in Regina, when the publisher's rep showed me up to an autographing session at Simpson's, where the sign should read THE AUTHOR, and I was wondering seriously what to do if the crowd, thrusting forward their books, turned ugly and provoked a riot. Nobody showed up. None. Zero. Zilch. For half an hour the rep, the book department manager and I stood around talking about microwave ovens. Madame Jeanne Bouché was in town, pushing macaronies, and I guess they had to beat her out with clubs. So we left and went over to a bookstore where I sold one book and bought two for a grand total of one minute. I consoled myself with a story Pierre Berton told of the day—"Before we were either of us well known," Berton says carefully—when he and Farley Mowat were doing a dual autographing session at Murphy's in Montreal and nobody showed up. The authors took all the pictures of their books, exchanged them, signed each other's books and went home.



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Was the time I settled down to a radio studio for a month) that with an informed, aggressive interviewer who obviously had the wrong book, or rather Mostang interviews have never read the book and I don't blame them—publishers release their spring and fall lists in a sudden torrent that no one, least of all hired interviewers, can cope with. But this chap had read somebody's book, and was full of hot stuff about it. I devoted him onto my own work. "That's all very well about Tom Thomson, but certainly was a great artist. Speaking of art, there is an artful anecdote in my book, *Storie*, which you will no doubt want to hear."

He didn't. But I got the info right, which is the object of the exercise. (The record in this line belongs to George Bishop who managed to work *Where To End* into the conversation 17 times in 30 minutes with Don McGowan of CTV-TV in Montreal. McGowan still speaks of this exercise with awe.)

The time, in Winnipeg, when, 30 minutes into an open-line radio show, my host, Peter Warner, suddenly announced that he wanted the people of Winnipeg to know that I had called him a yidno on the air a few months before. I had, too, and it all came back to me just as he said it. I knew the name was familiar. The program was

not a public relations success.

The memories of radio come away from book-flogging are mostly embarrassing. This is as it should be. If one thing to write a book, whether selling it. The talent required are not the same. This seasonal pursuit boasts a few super-floggers—Hume Brown, Farley Mowat, Charles Tompkins—who are also top-selling writers, we have a great steady lead-out woman, Margaret Atwood, then George Roloff Brey, whose public appearances are sometimes incoherent and sometimes a bust, and we have some authors who, ideally, would do better to stay home and hope for the best.

The read-out means provide publishers with the liveliest moments, because sometimes they sparkle and sometimes they don't. Al Purdy, the poet, an arduous and very fellow, turned up in Montreal not long ago, reinforced with drink. In fact, he was so reinforced he was *unintelligible*. Most of his performances were taped far later, kindly editing, but he was slotted into one appearance, on Helen Gougern's radio talk show, that had to be done live. For 10 minutes, Gougern chattered, Purdy remained, the producer waved frantically and Montrealeers wondered what the hell was going on, until a merciful commercial break ended the debacle. "Longest 10 minutes of my life," says Gougern.

Who could blame Purdy? John Newlove, the poet, insists that "anyone who does these things could suffer insanity." I had interviewed Newlove to check up on a story. Was a true, I wanted to know, that case, which book-floggers in America, he had been beaten up by a prostitute? Newlove's denial was constant and indignant. "She didn't beat me up—I beat her up. I was in a hotel bar, in, preparing for a poetry reading, when this loutish son of a bitch came in and said 'What's in the folder?' I said, 'Poems.' She said, 'No, I mean really, what's in the folder?' I said, 'Really poems.' So she picked up the folder, and it was really poems, and she clamped them on the floor, so I dropped her on the floor. After that, I got kind of confused."

Drunk taken can lead to places mixed which is sometimes bad and sometimes good. Photographer Roloff Brey, whose 1978 list on behalf of his book on Pemmican photographs is one of the great Nonmagas of book-flogging, got on the wrong place in Ottawa. He was headed for Montreal, but wound up on the Toronto plane, and by the time he was bottled off, he had named his constituents and most of the Montreal interviewers. On the other hand, I was being interviewed at Calgary by Marc Holzman of *CREATIV*, one of the nation's most thoughtful as well as most lonely interviewers, when the publisher's rep came up during a break to announce that a well-known author and poet had missed his plane to Edmonton. He could not be joined

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out of a bar, and would not be coming to Calgary.

"Thank God," said Holzman. I asked her why she said that.

"Well, sometimes he's senile, and then it's bad. And sometimes he isn't, and then it's terrible."

Aarben on the and sometimes suffer from the delusion that they are second supermen, and the chief burden is borne by the publisher's rep. These efficient, fast, usually female, selective intelligent and poised, are supposed to arrange interviews, shepherd the author, and look after miscellaneous chores, from finding a limo (for the fabulous Richard Gere) to doing the laundry (for Irving Layton). They are reluctant to discuss their work, but one former publisher's rep, writer Sandra Martin, describes the job as "Luthanasia."

"You have to be professionally polite, and I am not—you are caught between the author you're begging and the media, to whom you are always lying or being evasive."

I wanted to ask the question instead of hanging up the coin, so I quit.

The rep, in short, must bring up on the book, get up with the author, stick up to the press and stick up to the publisher. The job requires the tact of a diplomat and the stamina of a mule. A rep's best day may be when he meets Bertie, Nancy Mitton and Charles Tompkins—and no one else can bid. The rep's task is to suggest, with out giving offense, that for every Bertie he must take a Stewart. Movie distributors work the same mule—if the movie house wants Star Wars, it will also have to take *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* or *The Godfather*.

It is also the rep's job to make the agent love the author of *Winter The Kangaroo*. An Overview, end when he is rejected, so the author can believe that he is being used for *Foot Page Challenge*. The fact that we are all one because the book at the same time makes the task doubly difficult. I once walked into the city room of a *Wasp* paper to see the book review editor, who had already processed three authors and did, make a wild dash for the elevator. The rep said I had to corner him in the hall, but he escaped, laughing wildly, down a stairway we had foolishly left uncovered. The rep said he had probably forgotten our appointment.

But, the same when the candle of life flickers before the rep is the time when the author makes his push. (I went from a clear conscience—when I go book-flogging, I never do anything with my wife.)

"They used to think we go with the local rep," one rep complained bitterly. "and the technique are not exactly subtle. Usually you will arrive back at the author's room at night and he will say there is something in the paper he wants you to look at. Then he checks the paper over the bed. 'Ye Gods.'"

One famous author's author likes to parade around his hotel room in the nude, to

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"And we have our music. When it's lightning in Ray Charles in the Grand Ole Opry, a night on the town in any of our cities, it's a great mix of the South and the North. It's part of me."

"And we have our music. When it's lightning in Ray Charles in the Grand Ole Opry, a night on the town in any of our cities, it's a great mix of the South and the North. It's part of me."



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shock, rage, or vilify the rep. He told one girl, "I trust my nakedness doesn't offend you."

She replied bluntly: "No, little things never did disturb me."

He covered up.

Reps sometimes get their own back, though not always against the appropriate author. Alan Edmunds, an amiable soul, was taken to the airport after a day of promotion for his book *Forever To The Edge Of The World*. The rep, Ruth Foster, got out to retrieve his luggage from the car trunk, and Edmunds stopped forward gallantly to take it from her just as the trunk lid snapped up, caught him across the forehead and laid him out cold. Foster giggled, reversed her, and thrust him onto the airplane, where he sat with a ringing in his ears and a weak smile, onto the very back to Toronto.

One client frequently landed on reps who work with Russell Bury is packing flowers. Bury travels with a royal rose female companion, Lady Brian Ashburn-Smith, and he at all times is always buying flowers or being given them, or both. While he was promoting his Penna book, Bury was presented with a bouquet of carnations from the Empress of Iran, and he brought them around long after the Buries had expired. As he was leaving his hotel suite—for Bury it is always a suite—he asked Nancy Chadwick, the rep, to bundle



up the flowers. Chadwick recalls: "I asked myself whether I was really going to spend my first handling up client. I did carry them, and the summer was not so kind."

Some authors like Bury, take on as-
signed persons when they go begging

which not only attracts attention but provides a permanent barrier. They play out, they throw cameras, or cameras. Failing Mowat wears a kilt and insists on being provided with a bottle of rum before he will perform. Bury greeted one rep with "Well, darling, what will you dress me in today?" Mowat greeted her with "Where's the Lemon Hair?"

Uniforms help. Just ahead of me on the great flight this year was a man who traveled around with a bag over his head. Burensen X, the author of *Cover Your Face, Alas*, covered the other end instead. His book is supposed to lay bare the secrets of Chinatown—it doesn't—and his bag to conceal his identity—it does. X turned upon a radio in Toronto and scored the begabbers out of the newspapers, who assumed he was there to sell the post. He was thrown off Jack Webster's open-line radio show in Vancouver on the grounds that he was not an actor, but it didn't matter—he attracted attention everywhere, and that boosted sales. Mel Hertz, his publisher, chortles. "The trip was a triumph—a very fine idea was tapped into a sale of 80,000 books."

Manless authors can only grant their teeth to fury.

Burensen X couldn't sign autographs, of course, and so sometimes of the crash of the great book. Reps Authors like to sign books, not because they are anxious to exchange views with the adoring multitude—only a handful of authors can draw a multitude adoring or otherwise—but because the volume, once signed, cannot be returned to stock. Books have a habit of rebounding from seller to publisher and they were made of India rubber, and then of course the author's royalty is lost. Once

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apped, however, they are sold as authors always carry a pen at the ready, and frequently have to be restrained physically from adding their names to everything in sight. Once, when Dennis Lee was in a Montreal bookstore, he accused a man of *Alligator Pie* stashed around. He approached the store's manager, who picked out the pen, and introduced it to me. "Yes Dennis Lee, the author of *Alligator Pie* [I'll sign a few of these, shall I?]"

The manager looked him up and down jealously. "Well now Pierre Berton I'd say yes. But in this case, I think not." Lee snatched his pen and left.

At least he was better off than John Diefenbaker, who was autographing his memoirs one day when a copy of *Ringside in Power*, Peter Newman's devastating critique of Diefenbaker, was thrust under his nose.

"I won't sign that," said Diefenbaker. "Why not?" the book's aggrieved owner wanted to know. "Newman did."

At some point, usually toward the end of his nationwide tour, the book flogger will begin to ask himself if the trip was necessary. Publishers, not just the Canada Council all insist that it is. In 1976, the council paid out \$40,000 to send 23 authors across the land. That works out to \$347.83 per author, and is intended to cover transportation only—the publisher is supposed to bear hotel and other costs. This year the amount will be around \$50,000. According to Luc Fectis, who manages the program from Ottawa, "We are confident that something is happening as a result of this activity."

I've been on six book flog tours, and I'm far from convinced that I wouldn't have done better to stay home and concentrate on writing new novels, letters to book reviewers and editors ("Dear Sir, I am sure that when you reflect my latest work 'the author's outpourings of a distressed mind' you wrote as a spirit of constructive criticism. May I ask you, in the same spirit, to return it and your enthusiasm?").

But what's the use? I know that when the book begins to gather again, the old urge will come upon me. As the Bertrons, Benys and Mowat start to regale across the land, my blood will rise, my pulse will pound and publisher's trip at my side, I will soon be chomping past somebody's receptionist and clanking my way into a television studio to go onto what my wife calls "the old moon-moon routine." Isn't that what literature is all about?

And yet, and yet, I will always remember the gloomy dawn when a comedy publisher's rep, followed closely by a camera crew and interviewer, burst into my Vancouver hotel room and ran full tilt into my bedroom.

"Oh, Mrs. Stewart," the darling thing purred, "it must be such a thrill, traveling across the country with a famous author."

Acas you'd her lovely. "It may look like a thrill to you, sweetie, but it's a pain in the ass to me." ☐

The World

Sadat is finding the world a very lonely place

"No negotiations, no settlement, no compromise," said the banners in the streets of Tripoli, the Libyan capital, as hard-line Arab leaders trooped in to give a pre-emptive thumbs-down to further, go-it-alone Middle East peace initiatives by Egypt's President Anwar Sadat. It was a hard come for Sadat's placed middle-of-the-moon pre-emptive warm-up in Cairo. Not only were the hard-line speeches an uncompromising, in general, as the "no-conditions" dogma—"Welcome to the land of unconditional" against a deal with Israel and another sign—but Libya's President Muammar el-Qaddafi had managed to single an impressive number of friends and neighbors into taking up.

The left of Qaddafi's guests (not everyone thought it polite to send their leaders) included representatives of Algeria, South Yemen, the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) and various extremist Palestinian groups, Syria and Iraq. This last being represented something of a coup for Qaddafi. Syria and Iraq are Israel rivals and the Iraqi, on hearing of the Tripoli meeting, had scheduled a "rejection" conference of that own. It is the western of away they agreed to go in Libya and up down with President Hafiz Assad of Syria.

In contrast, Sadat seemed likely to be embarrassed both by the shortness of his own peace list and by his lack of Arab support. Initially, only President Hafeez of the Sudan had signaled his support. Other supporters had come from Israel, the United States and the United Nations, whose Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, trying gallantly to find a role for the world organization, had only succeeded in complicating matters by using all sides to get another pre-emptive go-together in New York (the only "talk" appeared to be Jordan's King Hussein).



Sadat (top), Qaddafi (above) and Assad (right), and Arab nationalists in Tripoli (bottom) in the breakthrough closed?



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Meanwhile the one head of state whom everyone would have been delighted to have hosted, Saudi Arabia's King Khalid, stayed consistently out of sight. One word from him at any time would have been right to Jerusalem could have sent all but the most outrageous secessionists into line behind the Egyptian leader. But it seemed that the Saudis, far from motives, were unwilling to move, publicly at least. On the one hand they were annoyed with Sudan for not counting before his trip to them, on the other they wished to try to shield the so-called "conservative" Arab front—Egypt, Sudan, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Syria—so that the Israelis could be confronted on issues at Geneva.

For the truth was that for all its spectacular impact on world opinion, Sudan, by going it alone, had disrupted the strongly anticommunist Saudi plan to dump the left wing rule—based more by the lighting in Lebanon—in Geneva. He had also disrupted the delicate alliance between the United States and Soviet Union, the permanent co-chairmen of the Geneva conference. The two countries had got together only a few weeks before to issue a call for it to be renewed. The Russians were rattled—they thought the United States had not Sudan's eye in it—and that meant the United States had to maintain a low profile instead of coming down hard on Sudan's side.

But none of this would have mattered if the Saudis had been quick off the mark and given Sudan the term of concession that would have forced the Arab powers off the fence. There was still time, or before the Cairo meeting, for them to do so. But every day that passed saw a further weakening of Sudan's "psychological" leverage, and a corresponding strengthening of old prejudices inspiring old wounds. That in turn cast an ever heavier burden of doubt on the long 30-year-old Sudanese nationalist position. His predecessor, General Abdel Nasser, had said that the "Egyptian crowd" in support of anything of a third great show, even a goat." The question was how much longer, without the help of his friends on both sides, Sudan could provide enough of a show.

CALIFORNIA

Up, Up and Away, man!

In the wild, remote hills of Humboldt County, some 200 miles north of San Francisco, the grass is so high in a clump that it's eye. In the case of the plants, that's about 12 to 14 feet. In the case of those who smoke them somewhat higher.

For the big crop this year in Humboldt County is marijuana, acres and acres of the very best grade. Some that are 10 years old and Pumas Red, Acapulco Gold or even your prime Colorado or Wacky Weed, reputed to turn your body to mush, your mind to mush and your growing, man or lion, finally, in the wide open spaces of Northern California become the area of



Grass is up, up. On Day of the Ache has dried.

More and more states across America are "decriminalizing" marijuana, and more and more local forces are simply shunning the attempt to enforce laws. "The fact is," said Peter Berger, head of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, in a statement to Congress earlier this year, "that the federal government, for all practical purposes, isn't arresting individuals for the possession of marijuana any more." President Carter (whose sons, their mother wills us, have had grass—adult son Jack was busted some years back) has urged Congress to loosen the laws. And the National Institute on Drug Abuse says that 30 million Americans have smoked it the stuff. And Dr. Gallup says 53% of the population (once decriminalized) and a survey shows that 60% of those 400 big-city administrators feel the same way. And...

So we come back to Humboldt County, a pretty rural area, far, far from big-city life where they've taken the same tolerance away further than mine. Here they are cultivating the illegal weed and making off it a multimillion-dollar business.

A young man with long blond hair, dressed over a beer at the Blazing Line (Sudan once a famous hot liquor today popular chiefly by what, in these parts, they'd call it) happens how he became one of Humboldt's severest nukes. He has

Marijuana, ready for harvest: how are 30 years back now? 'On 'em' as the law?

brother and a girl friend purchased a plot of land (about a 1/2 acre) for a modest sum—the county has offered an economic depression since the timber industry "began" the hills. Last March they planted some high class seed which had produced a splendid crop. It's called weed, "That's Spanish for what we used to. The trick is to weed out all the male plants and leave just the females. They're the ones with the high trich content."

That's of course in the active cultivation—product is marijuana. The stuff that makes the difference between a mild high and a psychotic, hallucinatory out-of-control thing, they'll have to take one-way-drug-type spades. Seminalists in control with it. The sophisticated females lower up to begin in 12 feet or more and yield about a pound of dried weed each. How much was that pound worth? "At least \$1,000 in California. This grass is really in demand now."

Thus a small field of 50 plants should produce a small worth at least \$50,000, and one can see why marijuana is popular in Humboldt County—not only with the young people who grow and smoke it, but also with good solid Middle-American merchants and shopkeepers and big owners. There hasn't been much drug, so naturally speaking around such small

towns as Garberville (population 1,000) for many years. Suddenly boom times are back. The town's hardware stores are selling 10 times by the ton, miles of fine fencing thousands of yards of chain-link. Garberville has a unique feel, old, old, old. *Sesuvium portulacastrum* (1985) is a 40-year-old market for beginners. Excesses from chain stores to flower shops drive prices are selling briskly. The word about it is a few foot-forward deal \$100,000 and more this season.

And what is the law doing? Not much. "It's not just that the hippies are bringing money into the area," said one local official, who asked not to be named. "It's the cost of law enforcement to the taxpayer. Look, last year we had a raid on a pretty big plantation. Maybe 2,000 plants. It cost the county \$42,000. The local paper [the *Times Standard*] said it was a waste of money, and we were crucified by the county grand jury." Not, it seems, are local judges very enthusiastic about prosecuting pot offenders more than half the marijuana-connected arrests in Humboldt County last year were dropped out of court.

A more interesting threat to Humboldt growers is theft. Buried weed caches, heavy gates, guard dogs, armed cars on round-the-clock watches, walkie-talkie radios are being used to protect crops. Many a small grower has come home after a day's absence to find his entire season's work lost—every plant pulled down. "One of these days," said the man at the Blazing Line, "marijuana's gonna get killed. They're trying to keep out this stuff."

Northern California's extreme interest in weed grass is restricted to few other parts of the United States. Nevertheless, the national mood has changed and is changing further, after 40 years of trying to eradicate pot at the expense of millions of dollars. Marijuana has "decriminalized" possession in the past five years, and many more are expected to follow. Studies indicate that the lighter penalties have not yet produced any significant increase in the number of users, and California's bill for prosecuting pot growers has fallen from \$20 million a year in fines to four or five dollars in 1976.

By 1980, the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) predicts, at least half of the states will have decriminalized the weed. And during the Eighties, according to a NORML spokesman, the fiction in this long drawn war will be fighting over a new move—state legislation.

One risk of this step would be commercialization. Already the tobacco companies are involved with state plans to market and advertise their stuff. With all the money and know-how at their disposal, it is not hard to picture on tv and billboards

Rhododendron anti-guerrilla forces, ready to be helicopter-dropped over the Mozambique border, and a map showing locations of the latest rabid: a case of sudden death

wherever there might be above in effect on health, the family and traffic fatalities. Unlike tobacco, marijuana is a weed that can be grown in every state of the union without a license or permit. Bringing on a nationwide wave of bootlegging. The Age of Grass could turn into just another age of graft.

CHARLES POLLEY

RHODESIA

A terrible, swift sword

White Rhodesian premier Ian Smith was selling the world late last year of his sudden (but qualified) conversion to the "one man, one vote" principle. His troops were carrying out their big-ever strike across the Mozambique border against two black nationalist guerrilla groups, at Tazara and Chimoio. Later the Rhodesian command closed 1,200 gunnery drills for the last of only one of their own men. How big a defeat was this for the black nationalist movement? Most of the correspondents, Deep legends, who was in Chimoio at the time of the raid, described what happened and looks at the implications.

To the watchers on the problem of Rhodesia, one word: the bush and young men in the form of combat. Mozambique: it was difficult to conceive the horror that was taking place. Yet a mere 18 miles from the main road and the nearest Rhodesian town, the tiny colonial country town of a full-scale jet helicopter and parachute operations were in progress. Down (and out) early in the time of the year—soon after two o'clock—and a full moon a rising, only meaning of drill and bayonet practice at the camp of Robert Mugabe's Patriotic Front guerrillas. At seven-thirty, the first

Rhododendron plants arrived. It was the start of a two-day assault and by nightfall the next day little was left of the camp, or of its leaders.

Mozambique 1,000 dead had scattered under the bombing run. The badly injured had died their lonely deaths while hundreds of others stayed, dead and shocked, who Chimoio in groups large and small, some carried, painfully, downriver from the scene of true blood.

The destroyed base at Chimoio is the headquarters of Mugabe's half of the Patriotic Front army and the Rhodesians say they took nearly two helicopter loads of documents. If true, they would have added to the blow, for the papers may contain de-





Bedtime man, new voice... or new belief

laugh garnish plans for unifying their offensive after the recent tussle.

In any case, the crisis could profoundly affect the political course of events in Rhodesia over the coming months. They are apparently preceded by a series of talks on whether there is to be a new 500 guerrilla laws.

All the time it is the Mugabe forces who are taking the brunt while the inviolable, better-organized Zimba-based army of Joshua Nkomo, leader of the other half of

the Patriotic Front, goes unharmed. Interestingly, Nkomo has not continued his troops to large-scale activity in Rhodesia. Most of the 3,000 guerrillas inside the country are Mugabe men.

Further, indication of the two guerrilla armies seems to be far away. Just a few days before the Christmas spirit, Nkomo visited Mozambique in order to continue negotiations to bring the armies together under a single command. But his visit was ill-timed. Mugabe had gone off to Tanzania to see President Julius Nyerere.

The suspicion is that Nkomo is holding back his army while the Mugabe guerrillas are weakened by the fighting inside Rhodesia and by the strikes into Mozambique. Speculation also surrounds the mystery of why the Mugabe forces are so poorly organized and apparently receive no sufficient backup. But the result is that Nkomo, who has stronger African support than Mugabe, appears to be strengthening his position militarily. He is a more strategic politician since Mugabe has traded himself for popularity with both President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia and Nyerere.



Don Uyl, not far but just as near

between the Christian Democrats and the third largest party, the vvn, which calls itself liberal but is in fact conservative.

How could it have happened? Said one senior politician of the country's complex multi-party system, "So're talking from an evoker of democracy."

Rat Christian Democrat leader Dries van Agt—with only 49 parliamentary seats—charged that den Uyl had had his commission from Queen Juliana to form a cabinet and had finally needed his choices by his own management. The Christian Democrats had proposed Frans Andriessen for the economic ministry. But den Uyl, who Andriessen once became Andriessen was, said den Uyl, said he deeply

President Simonis Machel of Mozambique, another of the "African" presidents, while giving the Mugabe guerrillas facilities for their bases and training camps is keeping his options open. Though his country is reportedly attacked by Rhodesian troops, his forces are plenty ready to get involved in actual fighting. At Christmas, the Mozambicans moved in on the wreckage because the Rhodesians withdrew, no contact was made.

It is almost as if everyone—Mugabe's black nationalists, the white nationalists, the neighboring countries and the white Rhodesians—had tacitly recognized that Mugabe would be better off on the way, or cut down to size. It would certainly simplify things—and not just for the South in the "one man, one vote" talks he planned with Rhodesia's two conventional black nationalist leaders, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Reverend Ntshihenge Mosele.

Zambia and Tanzania badly need a Rhodesian settlement, so that they can concentrate on the task of economic survival. While Mosele, Muzorewa, and Nkomo—Mugabe's competitors for the leadership of Zambia-based Rhodesians—would find life very much easier if Mugabe and his guerrillas were no longer around.

had a good word for the post-thank-you.

So live while merry parliament was on. The warty den Uyl studied once more as the steps of Stadhouders Palace to surrender his commission, and—although the Dutch were convinced that the wily old statesman was simply forcing his rivals' hand as usual—it proved to be for the last time. The Queen, decidedly not amused by news about weakening foreign confidence in her (and her government and the country's) golden, appointed a minister.

And after a vain attempt to reconcile den Uyl and van Agt, he decided to play out in the two night-long sessions where cabinet parliamentarianism came out as a major effect of only two.

Soon, van Agt and van Agt leader Han Wijngaert were to be seen doing by candle light in quiet residential corners. It was a whispered confession and despite some park-and-file distrust, an all-night session of the Christian Democrat parliamentary party endorsed the pact by 71 votes to 50.

There was no rejoicing, however, by the socialist Dutch, especially the unions. "This is a temporary compromise pact," said one union leader. Referring to the mood headlines over the accord were subdued. So was the crafty den Uyl, unconvinced to not bring a public speech. Nevertheless, as the ministerial tests were being folded out again and van Agt was promising to take back for political attack, no one could quite walk off the old prime. "Soon or later," he said quickly. "He second den Uyl's act will come." His seemingly modest smile sparkled with a mischief of his political maneuvering.

BY FRANK MORGAN

People

Before it was released, *Looking For Mr. Goodbar* was just about conceded the Oscar by Hollywood insiders. So were its stars **Barbra Streisand**, and (probably) director **Richard Brooks**. However, just before its general release it was shown at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and it was known roundly and noisily booed by the audience—the first time in living memory that that sort of thing has ever happened (after all, the guy next to you might be involved with the movie, and he is a co-writer). The 33-year-old **King Vidor**, who has been directing films (*The Champ*, *Stella Dallas* and *Four for the Road*, 1915), was there and he stood up later. "What is the difference between Mr.



Kashner looking for Mr. Oscar

Goodbar and your average porno-film? The only thing you don't see doing the sex scenes is the female." Needless to say, *Goodbar* is out of Oscar contention, though Kashner remains a very possible winner—for *After the Mail*.

Remember the Good Old Days when villain and heroine to marry tracks, here as usual in the nick of time, about how unquarantined? There's been an update, with a slight plot change. In the film *Hitchhiker*, **Pierre**, currently in production in Southern France, **Henri Shaw** (Giselle) who has seen the film, *Sanctuary Avenue* gets a call on her car radio that the baron has been killed down in *Sanctuary*. **Peter Fonda** and **Jerry Reed** at the crossroads. She leaps into her custom-built hot rod with her name—Pickup—on the side and roars off to Paris. The heroes

Shaw, a woman's work is never done

are missing away to the nerves. "I wish my magazine (a 44), old Peter and Jerry to 'get down' and they get appropriate clothing, sound, sex scene" to win the day. "It was just great." Shaw always wanted to be *Anna Oakley*. "Gee, I was wanted to be a line in the film, which is scheduled for spring release, that compares up memories of the young Barbra." "Look, it tells about an immensely interesting. Friends at one point, 'when I want you, you'll know about it'."

There's good news for all these people out there who want to get into the Guinness Book of Records. **Ray Sullivan** is quitting. Thus, all anybody has to do to top his world record is to go to bed by lighting eight cigarettes. Sullivan, a retired jockey singer who lives in a place called Boonville, Virginia, married his streak back in 1942, but he really didn't get a regular start 1968 when a bolt struck a tree beside the road about through the cab of his truck. But he sat on the head, and killed another tree on the opposite side of the road. The Severities brought five flames into one of which actually set his undercoat on fire and ripped his shoes off. Sullivan finally swung off in haste, while his number seven got lost in hospital for four days. The trouble here was his lightning rods on a now and he's adding six more on nearby trees. Besides, he told the American tabloid, *The Star*. "I don't think I'll be touched again. I think seven is my lucky number."

The film version of Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners* doesn't start showing until spring, but the two stars, **Barbra Streisand** and **Gerard Philibert** turned up at a Toronto photo studio recently for a dry run to see how it would be a "chemistry" between them. There was with Clark, the two were experienced and less shy of the two



actors making the lead, they "made love" on a makeshift bed until cameras banged off 170-odd frames. Clark, the Toronto-born Hollywood star, quickly hauled off boots and stockings, exposed some cleavage, and got down to business. Toolmaker, a blonde-haired Cyn from Cui Knie, Saskatchewan, was a little hesitant but soon warmed to the occasion—especially after she nudged him, asked his name and draped his hair over her body. Trouble was, even an awkward sex is hard to sustain when you're laughing as tended to happen.



Clark and Toolmaker, just good friends

whenever the other came too close to courting "the wrong part" of the other's body. Laughing and week-end-making. After that, Toolmaker has a wife and kids and Clark a live-in boyfriend, the actor (who co-starred with her in *Shogun*) and former *TV* tackle **Alan Korman**, fondly known as "the suckle."

Business

Saving our \$ could mean marrying Uncle Sam

The elderly American couple had to be led to pass through Canada on their transcontinental trip. But after two days on the Prairies, they headed south. The reason, they said in a letter to *Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner*, was simply that Canada was not too expensive. These visitors were the human manifestation of the enormous gap that has opened between what Canadians spend on foreign travel and what foreign travelers can be coaxed into spending here. In 1977, this will probably be more than \$3.8 billion as opposed to only \$284 million three years before.

And that's only part of Canada's increasingly worrisome balance of payments problem. Far from being poised to move into a post-industrial service society, this country may not have solved the basic issue of earning a living.

Obviously, the outflow of payments is not expected to correct itself with the aid of current policies. But some doomsday economists are beginning to wonder in concern that no amount of fiscal or monetary tinkering can save Canada growing again fast enough to reduce unemployment—which may reach more than 15% this winter.

Or—to halt the decline in Canada's relative standard of living, down from second 30 years ago to a projected eleventh world-wide by 1984. For that structural reforms are needed. In the current political climate, there is one structural reform that in effect does not speak its name but is increasingly making its presence felt. This is the notion that Canada should strike the C.D. Howe Institute's Carl Berger has described as a "no deal" with the United States.

Rather than attempting to duplicate the U.S. economy on a one-to-one scale, why not cooperate on areas of mutual interest like agriculture and water? Why not move toward free trade which would give Canada markets for what it can produce well and cheaper imports to replace what it can't? Everyone is useful to avoid the word, not one more so than U.S. Ambassador Thomas Egan in a recent hospital speech on the subject of cooperation. It is a rather sophisticated line it almost looks as though the history Canadian theme of deep friendship—*comradeship*, with an *au*—

This Canada (left) and U.S. (right) glass monuments to a long-lost love



By Peter Brimelow

modern theme of eventual political absorption has not been obvious, as might have been thought in the early Seventies, but merely sleeping.

Realists find unhappy with the whole subject. There are cogent objections—sovereignty and transnational shock—to do deal with. And they are afraid of emotional storms, such as those that shook Winston Churchill when he proposed U.S.-Canada reciprocity in 1941. But even, while not yet compelling, are beginning to edge. In the past three years, what Canada sold to other countries has fallen short of what was bought from them by more than four billion dollars annually, after a decade of being more or less in balance. Give or take a billion, the theory, the Canadian dollar's decline against other currencies should mean the balance sheet if a most roomy one: 10% more dollars left in world in Minnesota, at least they would be the Canadian dollar, worth a new 90 cents U.S. Canadian goods and services would more than be competitive. But evidence from other countries which have developed recently suggests that the process is more an acknowledgment than of underlying economic weakness than a hidden tilt.

Meanwhile, Canada's trade deficit has not been filled by borrowing from foreigners. Interest has to be paid on that borrowing. Rates are high. In 1977 more than three billion dollars will be forked out, a dramatic increase from the \$400 million or so that was common 40 years ago. Canada is being edged toward having to borrow simply to pay interest on its debt, a slippery slope on all good business know.

"In the summer the tourists would come and take pictures," says the Bank of Canada official, looking somberly through his new office's clear glass wall as if afraid they'll offer him business. Across the street, the usual workings of the complex Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce building are equally exposed.

Life inside the pleasure dome is equally exotic. Top civil servants may discreetly like trade in the political arena, and their use of language is with velvet and more tact than their business counterparts. For their mutual incomprehension. An official was told efficiently from an expatriate of the fundamental concerns of proximity, language and law, which will ensure that the United States will remain Canada's best market, to apparent enthusiasm for the authors' "convoluted link" an attempt to translate into code terms the Trudeau government's



Peak free trade? Or maybe a prequel?

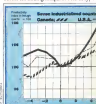
reduction political vision of the European Economic Community as a counterbalance to the American presence; not only the United States as exporters have simply continued on their separate courses as before, almost totally unaware.

With the Quebec issue preoccupying the

politicians, the end scenario are not likely to be such a new action. Canada's balance of payments problem experts worry rather than more. Error was, and to some extent still is, caused by the situation that the Canadian price and wages were just getting out of control in 1975, after the economy had been shocked by over-inflation in 1974, in an attempt to correct the adjustment to GNP price rises which our competitors were already making. Hence the Anti-Inflation Board, with its deflationary impact, the Bank of Canada's early conversion to the doctrine of a tighter control over the money supply, like increased despite high unemployment, and the talk (at least) of indexed budgets that now provide all levels of government. Canada simply doesn't have pleasant policy options.

These however were defensive reflexes. Canada's most basic problem requires a more radical response. Economic recovery outside the world may be failing. Despite the participants' frequent professions of goodwill, the current round of tariff reduction negotiations under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is played by superstitious gloom. Tariffs and non-tariff barriers, such as quotas, are actually rising. There are predictions that if the world slips into another recession it might be enough to absorb the entire recovery. In 1976-type trade war will break out, as each nation pushes and tries to protect its own market and avoid others. In such a rush for the exit, Canada would be swept aside. It is already dependent on foreign trade, which represents 25% of its Gross National Product. Yet, alone among major industrial nations, a doomsday even, has informed its citizens with its trading partners in the vision that liquid and blood have in close membership of a Mac such as the KAC. There is no consensus.

among officials as to how this threat should be avoided. And, indeed, such a lead can only come from the politicians. Most economic problems are politically simple. Canada has for years been paying for goods, services and borrowing from other countries with its merchandise exports, mostly raw materials and semi-processed goods. These often described as one of the riches that abound in the field, as being a brewer of wood and a driver of water. But it is equally true of the U.S. economy, and anyway there is a limit to how far exports can be processed within The New York Times is to be put out in Montreal. Canada also has a small manufacturing sector. Some of it is outworking by world standards, like preheated houses for housing camps, or various types

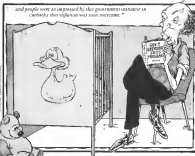


Canada's output per man-hour in manufacturing has consistently run against competitors, measured from the stage at their industrial revolution. **Source: OECD**

of electronic equipment. Other parts are hopelessly antiquated and are inferiorly substituted by Canadian through higher prices created by protective tariffs. Examples are Quebec's textile and footwear trade.

Canada has always had a high-cost economy because of its distances, climate and small domestic market. Unfortunately, its chief export industries now face significantly sharper international competition from its own and the explosion of seabed mining, and faster-growing forests in the north. With fuel less coming, Canada's labor costs close this moment to near above U.S. rates by up to 40%—20% higher compensation, 20% lower output per man. This has put most modernized the Canadian manufacturing sector, where labor costs have kept. Canada's manufacturing goods trade deficit widened from \$2.5 to more than \$10 billion in the period 1970-1976. The Science Council of Canada has again described the process as "disincentivization." And the problem will probably worsen when capital imports for policies and energy projects close up the Canadian dollar.

Additional burdens on the Canadian economy are the remarkably high-cost can-



posed by all levels of government. The sweeping prohibition of environmental, marketing and new human-made regulations all hamper production in the name of distribution. Prospective merit these policies must be paid for. One expense is the decision of foreign investors to build their factories in (readier) forests. Unintentionally for the unemployed, Canada's productive base has also been eroded by the impact of inflation on investor confidence and, under traditional accounting rules, on the capital stock.

In 1975, in a move suggesting the depth of Canadian ambivalence, even in official circles, the Economic Council of Canada produced a report called *Looking Outward: A New Trade Strategy For Canada*. It was belatedly condemned as a simplistic-minded plea for open markets. Actually, it was an elegant statement of the case for overall free trade, although it clearly regarded bilateral agreements with the United States as a desirable substitute.

Some areas of Canada would do very well, it stated, and producers had already acted. It fully sustained foreign ownership because it became the only way to get at the Canadian market. It was virtually impossible to refuse the largest free trade of the hemisphere, given the volume of exports to national markets. Other studies have shown that the standard of living of Canadians would improve on average up to 10%. There would, however, be substantial transitional dislocation as inefficient industries died and competitors now flourished. There is always the complication of possible political manipulation on both sides of the Atlantic: the current neo-fascist "buy American" drive in the U.S. and Canada's actively lumbering trade right, hamper it. The free trade agreement, however, will make future political cooperation Canadian business, with its well-known predilection for a quiet life, generally dislikes the whole idea.

Dr. Peter Connell, who was responsible for the report and attracted much personal vituperation, argues that all objections can be avoided through negotiation and a carefully planned "adaptation period."



Oliver Gottman talks

But studies of the impact on specific industries were vetoed from the Economic Council to Industry, Trade and Commerce, and Connell now spends most of his time on Canada's personal industry (which is an economic pain in its own right). The very function of the Economic Council is being questioned since the labor representation quit over the six. Ottawa has preferred to play with fashionable and pleasing ideas—the "new society," the "consumer society." Nevertheless, George Post, acting director of the council, remains quietly convinced of the economic analysis in *Looking Outward*. The only alternatives, he says, is to struggle along trying to get better performance out of specific sectors, and hoping for the best.

Hopeful for the best is closer to the heart of the Ottawa machine. A U.S. boom will solve Canada's problems. Canada has always backed out with a money boom, or a commodity price boom. It's the growing as new ways of making of the conventional economist. There have been renewed sightings of a fabulous boom called an Inverted Strategy, and one will place off-

oil even speaks of plans to select industries with world potential, such as forest products, and "microelectronics" than by encouraging mergers. Greater efficiency would result. The Japanese government habitually intervenes in this way, although the U.K. attempts with its automobile industry proved disastrous.

Pragmatism and pragmatism in Ottawa notwithstanding, there are still unexamined limits that the continental deal must observe. Tory MP Jim Gahagan, who was an economics professor at U.S. before returning to Canada to sit on York University's Business School, believes it will surface within a year. Begin, the politically sensitive head of the C.D. Howe Institute, has detected another high up in the government. He is brooding about writing a paper on key areas in any negotiations. These could be complex. Ideas might include a transition period of up to 15 years with some Canadian restrictions on foreign ownership, agreements on currency, policy, flexible exchange rates and regional policies, plus stronger control over currency policy.

Canada and the entire world are facing difficult times. It may be that the postwar era of universal economic growth, unique in history, cannot be sustained. Canadians will have to think very hard about the ways in which they want to differ from the United States and the price they are prepared to pay. It is one of the interesting paradoxes of political history that the elites of Britain and Canada are currently open-spirited for and against union with their continental neighbors as exactly inverse positions to multiculturalist protectability and to the actual links between the populations. In fact, whether or not free trade means assimilation, ultimately depends upon the will of the nations concerned. The Quebecers, for example, will probably continue to be French irrespective of any economic arrangement.

Nevertheless, although a North American trade bloc might be virtually self-sufficient, ultimately the United States too will have to reappear in some role as it is to meet international competition.



Shoyama making order out of chaos

live sectors: manufacturing, mining, energy, agriculture and fishing. Some of the conclusions from the studies are likely to be released this month, in the form of a letter from Trudeau to the premiers. That letter is to be followed by a series of meet-

ings of federal and provincial ministers representing the areas covered in the studies, with the February conference putting the finishing touches on a national economic plan coordinating the activities of all governments. Just what will emerge from all this, other than an election platform for Trudeau, is uncertain.

But Shoyama's studies are unlikely to concern more than vague outlines of problem areas and possible solutions. Trudeau, meanwhile, may be leaning toward radical solutions. His recent ruling includes *Social Limits To Growth* by Fred Hirsch, a British economist who questions the market system and the growth ethic. But the impending federal election will probably keep his interest economic. (JANUARY)



Venskab

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What are they doing in Ottawa? Talking, studying

In the short run, there can be no immediate livelihood of our economic fortunes," said Prime Minister Trudeau in the first of his series of meetings with the provincial premiers. Accordingly Trudeau and the premiers have agreed to contribute to the long run, as they intend toward a federal-provincial conference on the economy, probably in February.

Leading up to the conference, Tomney Shoyama, Ottawa's deputy minister of finance, has been coordinating internal federal studies, viewing the economy into



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Education

Why are these kids so bullish on mathematics?

The classroom doesn't even vaguely resemble one a person over 30 would need. For one thing, the enthusiasm of the 60 grade eight students is almost palpable. For another, it is not really a classroom at all, but a city. Nothing Ontario population 13,200. The evidence is all around. A boy is checking out a bond issue at the Central Stock Exchange. A girl is making calls from the city's teletype telephone booth to raise money for the hospital building fund. A small group is studying the "positions available" board at the local Manpower office. Others are shopping for home needs at the contractor's, working with the architect to construct their own Victorian townhouses, arranging meetings with the trust company manager making up a budget of household expenses. Bruce Pate, 11, is putting up an advertisement for his restaurant. Gracey Ledlow, 12, is trying to figure out how much she, as a lawyer, should charge for her services. When \$100 an hour is suggested as a top rate, she replies, "Is that all?" Strutting cockily through it all is 15-year-old Judy and paper store Mike. He is a kid, who is trying to convert a "black" for his trading operation. When

he says, in an aside, "I'm going to be a stock broker one day, you know," it's without a hint of doubt.

For anyone who wonders where tomorrow's economic and social elite is getting



Some of the history class, including Mayor Tim Chedoke and staff president (foreground), interest in Ellen Kall discussing stock prices since at last



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they needed to sustain the services and structures they wanted, and to arrange among themselves which occupations to assume. Naturally enough, the world as perceived by the average Deer Park student is not one of intellectual freedom, repossessed cars and broken wings to afford education to the rich. That, everyone in Nottog, even his home, entrepreneurs abound, and there is no unemployment. So far, for example, there is a cinema owner and a car dealer, but no one has volunteered to be a taxi driver or garbage collector. Presumably, the latter are not occupations to the Deer Park community.

"Every student will be required eventually to do a presentation on the type of work used in his work," explains Taylor. "One week it will be the math of the architect, then the carpenter, the town planner and so on." In the end, each student will be accountable—his area—for all the math activities needed to function as a member of the community, from managing financing and income tax preparation to organizing a house lot and keeping a payroll.

"We'll have a group of kids excited about learning who considered everything they would know about math at a grade eight level," says Taylor optimistically. At the same time, he adds, they will learn about themselves, about one another, about working together, about their own city and how it works.

"What's important here is the integrative approach," says math specialist Dr. H. Laurence Ridge of the University of Toronto's faculty of education. "It means there's a much better chance of these youngsters retaining their skills." According to Ridge, the "genuine atmosphere of learning" that Taylor and Clyne have created is an example of exceptionally progressive math education. "This type of experience could go a long way toward overcoming the fear and resentment most people in this society have about doing mathematical," he says.

Talking to Nottog's residents, it becomes clear the process is already underway. Says 13-year-old Kirby Thorneham, who took to the idea freely at first: "I'm really so very good at math, but this is more like a game. I'm learning more than I thought I would, and it goes on automatically as you go along." Twelve Petri Nelson, her classmate, "I'm one who hates school, but this is one class I really enjoy. It's so much more fun than going through a book."

JOHN DODD

Taylor here to play the numbers game



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Lifestyles

Evangeline lives! And if she's not exactly well she's much, much better

James Desnoes was polite, but firm. No, he would not allow his picture to be taken alongside the wall for his French Legion of Honor. When Premier René Lévesque of Quebec put the legion, Canadians raised a terrible fuss, and that made the matter a delicate one. "People will say 'If James Desnoes got the legion, it don't raise much... Lévesque's not so honor to Quebec.' Well, Quebec has been our benefactor. Quebec rediscovered us. Quebec helped us first, and I don't kick people in the back who help me."



If you stepped outside Desnoes' law office and crossed a large one-acre meadow, it would lead to a seagull field or a bayou or some other reminder that this is Lafayette, Louisiana. Quebec-Ottawa politics are very real in Louisiana. This is Acadian country, and here the French soldiers who were banished from Nova Scotia in 1755 arrived and multiplied. Today, 1.5 million of their descendants—white, black and Creole—are scattered across the state, with the largest concentration around Lafayette, in the south-west.

But if the Acadians are flourishing, their culture is not. Until a few years ago, it was dying. Children were punished for speaking French in schoolyards; the language was banished from classrooms, parents spoke French only to keep secrets from their sons; and, Frenchmen of Acadian gene grew up, like Desnoes, able to speak their mother tongue but not to read or write it.

Enter Desnoes, coeditor and Quebec Desnoes, 71, a white-meshed southern politician, goes back a long way



Desnoes (top left) with his honorary degree from the University of Moncton and photo of himself with French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing; the Evangeline Oak, honoring Louis' slave; and La May (right); the meeting just hasn't assimilated everything

He died to oppose Huey Long ("his evil dictator"), when the Kingfish ruled Louisiana. He served 30 years as Congress, played poker with Harry Truman ("will have his seat"), came back home to make money in oil and law, and so run the local Democratic machine. In 1967, he took up the cause of Acadian French. "I believe the ending, not slavery saved America very well. We needed one language to knit this nation together. But now we need to communicate with others. Language is the key to the future. I believe that very strongly."



when Desnoes believed strongly he pushed when he pushed something gone.

In 1968 the Louisiana Legislature gave, with an act to establish the Center for the Development of French in Louisiana—center—with Desnoes as its chairman, and a modest budget (about \$200,000 a year currently) for well Desnoes took out, and set up billboards to promote French. He traveled as much French heads of state and to drum up support. He smoothly talked his way into the newspapers and onto the news, and he paid millions of dollars out of state and federal governments for French language education.

Very early, he learned about Ottawa and Quebec. On October 17, 1964 the day Ottawa was officially launched in St. Maurice, René Charbon, a young entrepreneur for Canada, was invited to attend. Although he was 10 miles away, in Lafayette, Charbon declined. However, the Province of Quebec did send a delegate, and soon after he got a permanent, four-man delegation in Lafayette. The re-



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sold was an outpouring of Quebec books, films, tapes and other cultural aids.

France LeMay, secretary to the Quebec delegation, remembers that when the first came over years ago, people were advised to "crush" Fish. In the past, at least, she would ask for stamps in French. No one would answer, but she would get her stamps. Later, the clubs started to whisper French back to her. Now many of the street signs are bilingual, French is taught in the schools and an extensive exchange program brings in French teachers from Quebec. Beliveau, France and Tanaka, and tens of thousands of young people north to south and across Quebec. Many long-jumpers who scored their mother tongue in the long jump. The old and new were joined on by Quebec pop singers. Say John Proulx leader of the provincial delegation. "People have been given back their pride."

But the struggle was far over. Though the Académie, like the whaling crew, have made a comeback, they are a long way from security. At Etienne Park in St. Markville, an Académie dance school, "It's a lost cause. French is a dead language. Académie French, anyway. This is America. We should speak American." A few miles away, restaurant owner Max Grogan says, "Americans are people who live up north and don't like us. French is no language." When French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing came to visit in 1976, a local paper printed on front page in French but all in capitals, the printer had no French punctuation symbols, required for the lower case.

Still, the work goes on. Every week, a new book tells a few more French words (so one can be grandiose), confounding French spoke to her granddaughter (unintelligible English for the first time after a child came home from a French lesson). Every week, there is another article in French, in a few more paragraphs, a little more pride.

And where is Ottawa in all this? "I really wish we could get more help from your federal government," said Desnoes. "The last thing I remember is a grant of \$15,000 about four years ago. That and a few books." Desnoes cannot be down and discounting Quebec separatism. "We won't be selling any more sheep to Quebec, or buying any snowmobiles. Our only common interest is the French language. But if you want to know Louis and his reaction to the Parti Québécois victory, it was nil."

It was nil because Académie, despite their sympathy for Quebec's language problems, simply don't believe separatism is possible. A state employee, an Académie, says, "It's never happened. Those changes in the CIA and at most, let's say, a more positive view is taken by restaurant owner Grogan. "People need each other. The only mistake Canada made was in refusing to become bilingual. Why not? It doesn't hurt."

WALTER DREYER

Medicine

By all odds, he'd never walk. The odds changed

Leaving a stuffy dinner party he climbed out the window and up the vertical fire escape, heading for the roof five floors up. He wanted to breathe the evening air, relax and do some karate exercises. Climbing swiftly in the dark, he didn't notice as the ladder's returning bolts, reduced to hardened sand by Montreal's freeze-thaw cycles, started to slide free from their anchorholes. Then he felt the ladder move painfully slowly away from the building. "There was nothing below that I could fall over painless," he recalls, "so I held on and wondered what would happen next." The ladder hung out and down. When it hit the balcony beneath him, he was catapulted toward the ground, the shock of trying to hold on breaking both wrists. He landed not as he body landed at a speed of more than 40 mph—on a picket fence. When he regained consciousness he felt nothing below to warrant naming at all. He knew he was paralyzed. It was 11 p.m. on August 3, 1997.

Paul Rheault, a 34-year-old architect, was lucky to fall just one block from the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. He received medical attention: literally, in minutes. A neurosurgeon was called from the adjoining Montreal Neurological Institute to examine his back and again Rheault was lucky because Dr. Robert Hurenbout was the specialist on call. Hurenbout had been doing laboratory research with dogs for years, trying to perfect a treatment for back pain. He was now ready to be tested on a human.

Hurenbout explained to Rheault that the procedure might not work at all and might even damage him. But the decision to operate had to be made right away, because the lengthy procedure would be of no value to any injury more than one day old. Despite four warnings Paul and his sister, Louise, who had passed him in the emergency room, agreed. Meanwhile orthopedic surgeons lowered themselves repeating the badly translated right leg. The use was not for Paul's language barrier. "I realized my position was pretty serious," recalls Rheault. "They were suggesting a positive outlook why not?" The decision, which involves cooling the spinal cord, was announced nine years ago at Ottawa's National Research Council by Hurenbout, Dr. Cesar Restrepo-Serra and Dr. Alan Tansley. Tansley was alerted and he and a technician drove in from Ottawa in the middle of the night to help with the operation. Other groups around the world had been testing similar methods, so far without success. If this worked it would be a world first.

The spinal column is like a pearl necklace. The pearls or vertebrae are linked by a string, the spinal cord. When a back is "broken," that means one or more of the vertebrae are cracked or broken, which causes them to swell out of place, trapping

Rheault exercising his left leg, a feat made possible by the timely application of the cooling "saddle" (see the sidebar), top right onto his spinal cord



ing limb function. After the saddle device was removed Dr. William Fish, an orthopedic surgeon, straightened the spine by using a pair of rods with end hooks. When affixed to the undersides of vertebrae above and below the rupture, the hooks pulled the vertebrae back into line. Bone chips were then filled in the space around the rods to intermesh and eventually grow together. Hence the term spinal fusion.

Rheault's period of recuperation was like a long, slow slide down. Nothing seemed to happen. The day after the operation he felt a slight sensation in his left foot, but it was a long weeks before he could move his leg. All along, says Rheault, he had

been fighting the horrible spinal in which his mind was spinning. "I kept going back to the same point: I can't accept this, I can't accept this." Now all he must do is wait until his right leg, still in a full-length cast, finishes healing. Then he will learn, all over again, how to contract and release his muscles—how to walk. "I have a very strong confidence that I will succeed," he says. While awaiting that the treatment is still considered experimental, Hurenbout says he is pleased with the results. "The chances of Paul Rheault getting to the point where he is now were less than 25 using more conventional methods. This is an exciting beginning." MICHAEL NAKAMOTO



the spinal cord to restrict stretching or compression. This blocks the electrical messages in the spinal cord so that all contact of muscles below that point is lost. Of about 500 people with spinal injuries treated in Canada every year, most now can partially or completely paralyzed.

Word spread through the hospital that Hurenbout and his team of neurosurgeons would be operating to try to improve this record. By 7 a.m., when the urgent part of the back had been prepared for the cooling procedure, the viewing gallery was packed with doctors, nurses and onlookers. They watched as Rheault's spinal cord was coated with a gelatin that looked like a miniature saddle fused on the cord. On the underside and sides of the saddle were wheels similar to the ski edges on a figure skater. They functioned as a series of small interconnected channels in which cold water (six degrees Celsius) was circulated under constant pressure for four hours. Hurenbout explained that the cooling process was designed to slow down or stop a natural process discovered by other researchers but not yet fully understood. Spinal cord damage starts in the centre of the cord tissue and spreads outward in a self-destructive sequence to the circumference. The sooner the spread of damage is halted, the better the chances of regaining

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to come to serve as inspirations, says the singer in an ironic, lighthearted dance but also one of the reasons "The fact that it looks so dramatic makes it appear more difficult than really is," he says. "To win a championship, amateur dancing isn't enough; great personality isn't enough. There has to be some magical blend of the two."

This is where ballroom dancing becomes difficult. The women must feel rhythm as the men feel rhythm; the men must feel movement as the women feel movement. In Latin American style dances, for instance, it's not quite as important because contact is made more through the hands than through the body. The ability to move in synchrony in the music (and highest with adjudicator Basil Valavanis of Hamilton, who has judged five world championships) "Body figure is too important," he says. "If a couple does not exhibit rhythm, they're not likely to be winners."

Each country was represented at the competition by one couple—except Canada, which, as has been noted, had two entries. Betsy and Vic Ross of Toronto represented Canada and Pierre Allard and Christine Tremblay of Montreal represented Quebec, which ranked as a separate country on the program. Neither couple made the finals, but both plan to compete in the Ontario Open, to be held in Toronto in January and the Canadian Classic to be held in Toronto next April. "It's not winning that matters to us; it's taking part," says Vic Ross, a shipping clerk. "We learn as a sport and we go on competing strictly for enjoyment." In their late thirties, the Rosses have been dancing competitively for 13 years and were Canadian amateur champions (Latin category) from 1967 to 1972. They practice constantly—three

hours a day in a new and old city. Sunday "You really have to love dancing," says Betsy, who danced through four pairs of high heels in the course of the competition. "You must work like a Trojan to perfect your timing and composition. It's almost like training to be a ballet dancer."

Waxton David Symonette and Denise Womers of England embraced a softness and flow in their modern dances and a gusto in their Latin that made them owned pleasure from the start. Symonette, a radio technician and Womers a dressmaker, are only 21 but have been dancing together for seven years. "I love the sensation of

moving," Symonette explains. "And the challenge of competing."

More and more North Americans would seem to agree. The Latin American heat of the popular battle and salsa have encouraged a recent to touch dancing and in as much as Los Angeles and New York people are dancing the rumba and even an upped version of the jitterbug. "These days we get very few young people coming in to learn disco," says Ed Dolan of Toronto's Arthur Murray dancing studios. "A real feel for dancing with art steps to certain kinds of music is the big move in dancing now."

NOAH JARVIS



Champions Symonette and Womers waltzing (right) and international third prize winners (left) Langelier and Anita Wagner tangling (below) in a nod to Fred Astaire



Show Business

He who laughs last

It's some out of Father Knows Best wide-eyed teen-ager learning of life from war and loving old dad. "I know (though) already high in life was life itself," says the lad. "You're dead wrong, son," claims father, "and I have a big fat reifer here to prove it." Not the real Father Knows Best, you understand, just actor Steven Kampman and Mary McCormack's worked impression on the stage of the Second City comedy troupe in Toronto.

Toronto's Second City is doing for Kampman, Short, Peter Torokvei, John Candy, Catherine O'Hara and other young Canadiana comedians what the original Second City in Chicago did for the likes of Mike Nichols, Valerie Harper, Shirley Bernstein, Peter Boyle and Alan Arkin. And the man who's making it happen is a deceptively soft-spoken and engaging 33-year-old Toronto bachelor named Andrew Alexander. In February, 1974, Alexander paid exactly one dollar for Canadian rights to Second City after an initial attempt to launch the revue in Toronto proved to be far largerly due to the lack of a liquor license and pure and simple poor timing: a company that included Don Aykroyd and Gilda Radner, now stars of vice city's *Saturday Night Live*. At the same time, with \$7,000 of "seed" money, he acquired a faded downtown Toronto restaurant, the Old Fishbowl, in which to stage it. Times were so rough that he would promise free beer to people lined up outside merely to get in only they would come to see his show.

This year, Second City and the Fishbowl will gross \$1.5 million for Alexander and his partner, Toronto ophthalmologist Dr. Bill Callahan. A dinner-show package averaging \$35 a couple funded the 175-seat business theatre all summer for the company's tenth production, *One of Us*. A line-of-Second-City revue, titled *Once More With Feeling*, will run through the holidays and a second company is playing Ottawa's Sly Fox throughout December.

Far from celebrating his luck, Alexander may well be wondering why it took so long. In the late Sixties, he set his teeth for the first time with a short-lived magazine *Sly Life*. He vaped out again in 1970 with the aborted John Lennon Peace Festival ("After Woodstock, the capitalists came out from under the rocks and destroyed us"), and yet again in 1971 when he produced the last edition of the Toronto revue *Spang*. Though Fourth time lucky it seems because Alexander has now parlayed Second City's unpublicized, and sometimes ally, national success into a tele-

vision show on Ontario's Global Television network and sold it in the United States where it is being shown on 35 stations with Chicago alone representing an estimated 715,000 viewers. Less heavily than the live show, the TV series takes aim at television snuff with such gems as a top-on-baitish show warning about the "danger signs of death. Your inability to detect any one of the five warning signs may indi-

cate that you are dead." A commercial tooth spray-on socks. "They come in chocolate chip, lemon lime and Argyle." New with an assortment of partners, Alexander is developing two new TV sitcoms—one, 1974, will deliver into Carter Country by young George Washington a Scottish brother (Shades of Billy) who's virtuous and wants to assassinate the President—and talking to Universal Pictures about movies.



Alexander (foreground) against a backdrop of Second City's O'Hara, Peter Aykroyd, Martin Short, Kampman, Robin Duke, Torokvei and Hoberg: one man's family

cate that you are dead." A commercial tooth spray-on socks. "They come in chocolate chip, lemon lime and Argyle."

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Bernard Selikowitz, owner of Second City in Chicago who sold Alexander the franchise, says it's Alexander's unfappability that impresses him. "He made a lot of promises when he took over the revue in Toronto and he's kept most of them. He

the City, I work in there and it's like walking into the post office." No cartoonist, he's totally unapologetic that no mention has been made in the United States of the series' Canadian origins. "That was done deliberately. Canadiana producer is not well received in the States. Maybe next year when we've established we'll do some splash about being Canadian."

For now, Alexander is content that his doctored-of materials alone conglomerate a blossoming. And his performers seem happy, too. Says veteran actor-dancer Bob Flaherty: "We have a love-hate thing with him. But Second City is kind of a family and he does take care of his actors a lot more than other producers."

Customers, too. They're flocking to the shows as, on stage, a Toronto snuff out a phone. "We've kidnapped Mr. Clark." Comes the reply "How long have you had him?"

BARB BOWEN

Films

Everything was beautiful at the ballet—then they had to spoil it

THE TURNING POINT
Directed by Herbert Ross

Ballet on film almost never works. Either the camera petrifies close-ups for you when you want to see the entire scene, or it shifts long shots when you want a particular detail. The eye can see both the total picture and the special segment, whereas the cinema must choose. In the new movie *The Turning Point*, however, ballet scenes are shot with unusual ingenuity: the camera shows your secret wishes (most of the time) and you feel very sure of the source of ballet, as all the usual reserves foot at. The reason is that Herbert Ross, who was one of American Ballet Theatre's white choreographers, is the director of the film, assisted by his wife, Nora Kaye, a Boston art prima ballerina. At every non-ballet point of *The Turning Point*, however, you might as well be turning your face away from the screen.

The screenplay by Arthur Laurents is a curious amalgam. It is a backstage story about a ballet company—really set in a Russian dance—where two ballerinas, Emma and Decider, were once rivals for the top spot. Decider carried a fellow dancer and went to Oklahoma City to found a family. Emma went on to get the second lead in the ballet *Anna Karenina*.

and is still the prima ballerina, though age and rehearsal are creeping upon her. The company plays Oklahoma City, old friendships and rivalries are rekindled, and Decider's daughter Emma is engaged to join the company. Soon Decider and Emma are in New York City and a three-way power struggle of semi-crime among Emma, Decider, and Emma's lover, complicated by the women's wacky love affairs.

This plot is a sentimental, postmodern and unworkable as any trash you have ever encountered, but there is also a ballet level in the story consisting partly of general jokes about ballet life and partly of specific but valid arguments on real-life points. Though there is some shenanigans here, it is still very biased and even editorially suggests who knows anything about ballet's long undecide will recognize no one picture here. And Herbert Ross, not nearly so good a director as he was a choreographer, has staged the dramatic points sagely.

The acting does not soar either. As Decider, Shirley MacLaine suggests no more a once-fallen ballerina than a now-gilded actress. As Emma, Anne Bancroft is only slightly more believable because, at least, she looks lean and hungry, but her comically edge playing is scarcely preferable to MacLaine's faintly swamping dramatics. The big light scene between the women is predictable since, of course, if not here by law, and the love scenes between Decider and a former lover, and Emma and Yari, the Russian dancer solo, are starchy and banal. But

Leslie Browne is an attractive Emma who acts possibly and dances very positively. She is, of course, outplayed by Michael Burgin (Yari), whose dancing is so magnificent you would think it was track photography. It is, however, not to be judged because whenever he says more than three consecutive words in English he becomes incomprehensible.

There are delightful but all too brief guest appearances by other ballerinas, effectively photographed by Robert Senter. One should see the film for its dance sequences—except the ludicrous *Anna Karenina* bit—and praise that the rest is TV commercial, though it's not nearly so good. JOHN JENNION

Blasting croissants

ANOTHER MAN, ANOTHER TONGUE
Directed by Claude Lelouch

Claude Lelouch, whose *Un homme et une femme* won the 1967 Academy Award for Best Foreign-Language Film, says he has been haunted by images of the American West since his boyhood days in a striped Paris ghetto under Nazi occupation. With *Another Man, Another Chance*, he has evaded the score: he got the chance to haunt the Old West, but only with the specter of Napoleon.

Although this film began in the Paris of 1871, it spans the plot of *A Man and a Woman* with unrelenting tenacity. Our own expatriate Genevieve Bujold (looking as pregnant as a barbed chicken), plays Jeanne, who emigrates to "Mexico with

photographer Francis (Franz Bontary). In Arizona, veterinarian David (James Caan) doctors livestock whenever he isn't attending his wife, Mary (Jennifer Warren), with gambling bugs. Both marriages, although flawed with vice, seem doomed. Francis and Mary are shy, confined, lovelessly, Jeanne and David must, exchange catching the backs of spines, desire and, encouraged by his woman's hand, plants all the mystique of a dash of romantic which she brings in a preposterous and can't pronounce. She helps him by the time he has successfully named all the parts of his horse for her, love has flourished but remains unexpressed. When David manages to win a race on his horse, she is so elated that she sends him her husband's very magnificent cap. He, exhausted by the race, but informed by her passionate gesture, feels impelled to remount his steed and gallop back to her. We see them harkling toward each other across the sloping mountain. The End.

This effort is really subtle, but a case of virtuoso-misleading. More properly titled *Grand-grandfather Of A Man And A Woman*, it vulgarizes the original to the point of self-detruction. Instead of *Anna Karenina* view by cinema camera, we must contend with Bujold's shrieking hysterical emoting in sports of such catch and agonize that we keep looking for her waist-up key. Can, too, look lodged, as though he had learned to yawn without opening his mouth. Since Lelouch himself wrote the screenplay, he is to be held responsible for the constantly blunt statement that passes for language. The film's choreography moves action like so many ponderous bridges and the score, by Francis Lai (who has written the music for all Lelouch's films), is as much with out-of-control Beethoven and echoes of the now familiar plastic-plank-plank-plank music of *A Man And A Woman*.

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MacLaine and Bancroft (left), Browne and Burgin (center), Bujold and Caan (right): odd couples



Books

Making glad the heart of childhood

Although buyers of children's books would be right in thinking that all-garden-and-circus-like, for the moment, stand out of fashion, while gnomes and trolls have engineered a comeback, the most conspicuous feature of this year's crop of kids lit is its exuberant variety. There are parent fantasies, slices of near-crazy life and strong examples of a new genre, child-

Mother Goose, we learn, breastfeeds her young like any liberal female. As for medicine, gnomes are said to practice acupuncture. In short, they're hardworking, albeit little creatures who unfortunately tend to resemble the most prosaic variety of human. Despite Rose Froom's wry draw-gags, Gnomes is not really enough of a spoof for it to suit.

And then again there's a perfect balance between the head and the fantastical in *Come away from the water, Shirley* (Clarke, Irwin, \$5.50), lifting the curtain on a child's secret life with preadolescents. While Shirley's parents sink into their dechamps on the seashore, occasionally issuing perfunctory remarks from behind newspaper and knitting needles Shirley carouses with punies and digs for hidden treasure—returning from her fantasy journey just in time to report her parents as they fold their dechamps and decamp. There is something chilling, a bout the parents' complete blindness to Shirley's situation.

Other hucksters fast-better *Calculus! Pops* (after *Chutz* by Felix Vincent (Tundra Books, 1995) tells us, direct and simple prose, the story of boys who, as a reversal of usual roles, is educated by her seven sons on the subjects of birds, clouds and flowers to effuse, the cat becomes Jane's mother, utilizing her into natural wonders. In the end, Jane's parents are

allowed a peek at fantasy life: they accept it gracefully, with the happy result that Jane's outer and inner lives are allowed to mesh.

As they do in Dennis Lee's delicately silly collection of children's verse, *Garbage Delight* (Macmillan of Canada, \$6.95) Webster dealing with such kids' realities as pet worms, board siddings, squishy little bottle-bugs or visions of parties upping "bloody crowd." Lee's biting rhymes infuse them into the kind of poetic gold children love to hoard.

In a slightly different medium, but still with an eye to the sleep and cheerfulness, McCallum and Stewart has launched a nuttary hybrid for kids, half magazine, half book, with the unlikely name of *Megapack*. Each features a full-length story by well-known kids authors such as Ann Blades, but children may prefer the more elegant and manageable hardbound version of her book to the shiny *Megapack* product.

Older children This season's best offerings for the 8-to-11 age group are two astonishingly realistic series in Europe during the rise of the Nazis. *Expectations* is the contrary, neither a postwar or war-time. Charles Haiman's *A Boy in Two Seasons* (William Collins, \$9.95) tells us, with great honesty how a spoiled little boy with a collection of all sorts and an enormous appetite for sweets reached maturity during difficult times. Ker's adventures in Germany and then to England, where he was evacuated by his father in 1939, present a slice of personal



gypsy dog as its hero. Bernfield chronicles that Ker's three adventures love the first with his gypsy mother in occupied France, the second on board an English destroyer, the third amid the sibling comfort enjoyed by a sentimental English widow in Plymouth to each place Ker deeply affects the people he is with and the final scene—in which all three own convey and during which the dog represents of Ker's excitement—serves as a well-remembered reminder that because isn't only the province of human. Adults might consider that historic but in Ker's terms it strikes a perfect note. **ARLENE FREEMAN**

and inner strength, working of the mind is allowed to sugar the text.

Told from a different point of view, *Blue Kitten's Mowing*, *Second Degree* (Gage Publishing, \$9.50) is nonetheless a moving story. At age six, German-born Eve was designated "Missing second degree" by the Nazis, meaning that she had one Jewish grandparent. Although her parents divorced in order to guarantee her safety, Eve didn't discover the danger she was in until it had passed. She was, on the other hand, taught by her first thinking parents to value freedom over money, a lesson that sustained her during the war years when, as a member of Hitler Youth, she was shifted from one evacuation camp to another. The fact that the war was seen through the eyes of a young child accentuates the plight of little people in the thorns of great events.

But the long arm of war also reaches beyond man. Sheila Burnford, author of *The Incredible Year*, has impressively constructed a war novel, *Red Ann* (McCallum and Stewart, \$10) using a heavily

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST
FICTION

- 1 The Silmarillion, Tolkien (1)
- 2 Act of God, Tappan (2)
- 3 The Horseman's Subjugation, Le Carré (3)
- 4 The Thorn Birds, McCullough (3)
- 5 Daniel Martin, Fowles (4)
- 6 Dancing Girls, Atwood (6)
- 7 Beyond the First, Robbins (7)
- 8 Reggeman, Thiel, Shaw (8)
- 9 Red Rita, Burnford (9)
- 10 Garbage Delight, Lee (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 Tom Swanson, Tenzel/Silver (1)
- 2 All Things Were And Wonderful, Herriot (3)
- 3 The Silence Team, Barton (2)
- 4 Years Of Silence, Brautigan (7)
- 5 One Canada (Volume 3), Sakschewski (5)
- 6 Dear Mr. Lutz (4)
- 7 The Book Of Lullabies, Weller/Waller/Wallace (5)
- 8 The Country Diary Of An Edwardian Lady, Huxley (4)
- 9 Looking Out For #1, Ringer (5)
- 10 Canada Cancelled, Alcorn/Whaley (6)

C. J. Fawcett last issue
Prepared with the help of the
Canadian Bookwatch Association

Le Grand Finale
The oranges are wild, the taste is civilized.



hood memoirs written by adults who've kept their extreme merrits polished. Here are some of that season's best.

Fungus The Begone (Thomas Nelson, \$9.95) is absolutely the last word on a tiny subject. Raymond Briggs' depiction of a day in the underground life of a Beggy family—Fungus, his wife, Mallow, and their food offspring, Mallow—with detailed drawings of their wily shenanigans, Popsomack toothpaste ("gets teeth really black") and morning menses, provides an episode-down image of a "surface" child's life during which he's exhausted to keep dry, clean and unaided.

What Beggs does for beggymen, *Wit Haggins* does for gnomes. Gnomes (Penguin-Ball \$17.95) purports to be a sensible treatise on the history and habits of these forest figments from various times to the present. Gnomes in such life is not overlooked.

A beggymen collecting confections for face cream and food coloring in "Fungus" (above), a peek at gnomes' lives (right), Jane and Sandra (below) posing people kids?!



One thing John Diefenbaker will never be is a shadow of his former self

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The man that made John Diefenbaker a legend was the defeat of Alfred Johnson, a 22-year-old civil servant who charged with manslaughter after a train wreck at Canoe River, British Columbia, which had killed 17 Korean-born soldiers. Diefenbaker had to pay \$1,500 to join the cloud-shed amount of his lawyers for the privilege of defending the 1930 case and discovered early on that the soldiers had been in wooden coaches while officers on the train rode in secure steel cars.

To his father's delight the prosecution, the 16 deputy attorneys general, named out to have the name of Colonel Eric Popple K.C. At every possible occasion, Dief had on the reference to "Colonel" all the while blemishing away at the variation between the officers, exposed in their sedated cars and the men dying in wooden coaches. As always, Dief had a friend spotted in the gallery to watch the trackings of the jury. When his eye, a man named Snow, reported the deposit on the face of one juror in the front row, a First World War veteran, and another in the back row, a Second World War vet, Dief knew he was home free. He won an appeal for the young telegrapher and escorted back to Ottawa to the plaudits of the nation.

The incident is a key to understanding John George Diefenbaker and explaining why this strange man, so reviled by political observers and almost everyone in Ottawa, is still the only mythic figure in our politics. He has a touch for human emotion, with his strict devotion to his own code, days when he is so serious in becoming a caricature of himself. He is forever The Outsider in the corridors of power, insisting on his exaggerated martyrdom, reminding in the fact that only he knows the truth. The acceptance of him, as the Canadian public, has been done by journalists based on the Ottawa-Toronto circuit who hastily feel offended that someone out of the structure can burst into the political scene. Dief epitomizes the dramatic folk in this country for the Ottawa power elite. As such he has never been fully understood, has never been explained sympathetically.

Of course he was a terrible, crime reporter, mystified by demon-magic, obsessed by his succumbing infidelity com-

plex, never feeling secure, happy only when appearing directly to the public for success. Of course his latest apologetic, the third volume of his memoirs is a dreadful self-serving document always blaming others for his sins. But he has a gift—a gift shared by few others among us—of spotting interior symbols, inside that strike a nerve. He may have been a lousy leader, but a excellent James paper.

He sits in a chair, in quiet enjoyment of his own notoriety, head shaking with the



trailing fascination of a microphone. At 82, the famous silver and black strands of hair still spring from his forehead like the bolts of lightning in those early Duncan Macpherson cartoons: the eyes of emeralds intensely helping to enhance horror of the onset of a panic here. He is the reluctant supreme, slowly musingly the mental furniture, such an outside of mind in a elaborate sentence, moving, suddenly to the disconcerting—successful of the present 49-year-old, Gordie Howe casually, carefully, accurately looking in a gold—holding off in a complete with a cautionary eye-brow in a directing finger.

Why, did you feel it so necessary to denigrate in this third volume to many dead people who can't answer back?

The waffles shake with suppressed grief. They have had their say. They have given their version. Now I am having mine.

In an staggering lot of incompetents that he has named him again, in the book Lester Pearson comes out a cheat, George Bliss a blabbering fool, Wallace McCutcheon an

incompetent scoundrel. Douglas Harkness whose reputation was "noted great importance," allegedly awarded medals to himself before resigning. He is a cheat to Dave Fulton, John Robson is an unfaithful God-follower in politics. Even Graham O'Leary somehow comes out a traitor. It is literary necrophilia.

Like all men of supposing ego, the Chief has few clear friends. Only necrophiles (Though he was loyal, both the lawyer who assisted him in that railway wreck trial and the two brothers who stood through his tortures were supposed judges.) Harkness might ponder on the fact that Dief—like R. B. Bennett, like Lester, like Borden, like King—was childless. As such, of course, obsessed with self. (How much of the character of this prime minister is a product of such necrophiles, driven men who have ruled us as prime ministers?) Equally, one could puzzle over the Tories—supposedly the party of the best—consequently, suddenly going to the plains of the West for their leaders. Bennett, John Bracken, Dief, Joe Clark. The press report and the press reports, but he means about the country like a quality business, enjoying, each move he makes, his deadly

tragedy is still shared, especially with his own party. He never forgets a sight, nor forgets in the Commons galleries, when he deigns to appear in the House, the public will tremble, still lean forward when he stands in question period, hands in his pockets, still not rising as others from him. With a phrase he can still capture a corner of page one, a gift denied his newest leader. He has a connection cord to the public, a nerve cord for sensitive news—a midbrain, a Marconi, a midway telegrapher. He is an anti-Ottawa man, which is why he failed as prime and why he survives as an 82-year-old tribune of the people.

What, are in the secret of surviving to 82?

"To make a decision, and to leave it behind. (Dief taught me that.) Whatever it is, what is done is done." Never hold a grudge.

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